THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

THE Second Book.

Wherein is contained
The Prowess of the Valiant
HERCULES,
WITH HIS
Marvellous Deeds, Wonderful Works;
And of his Death.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

The Second Book.

CHAP. I.

How *Hercules* fought againſt three Lions, in the Forreſt of *Nemee*: and how he ſlew them, and took their Skins.

IN the firſt Book is begun the Deeds of the puiſſant Gyant Hercules: how he firſt deſtroyed the City of Troy, and vanquiſhed the King Laomedon, after which Conqueſt, he returned into Greece, where he remained a certain ſpace of time, without doing any thing that is found in Hiſtory. In which ſpace Juno (bearing inward malice againſt him) bethought how ſhe might work his downfall. And hearing that into the Forreſt of Nemee were come Lions, among other, one ſixteen foot high, that deſtroyed all the Countrey: She thought by theſe Lions to bring her purpoſe about. And having War with Euriſteus, ſhe concluded a peace only to be acquainted with Hercules, and ſent for him into Creet, to confirm it. Euriſteus fulfilled her deſire, and brought Hercules with him. The peace was made, Juno acquainting

her with Hercules, they came to speak of the Lions of the Forrest of Nemee. And so much spake Juno, that she said to Hercules, it were an act would gain him honour: to go to the Forrest of Nemee, and conquer those Lions, Hercules thinking Juno counselled him to assail the Lions for his honour & profit, he enterprized to go into the Forrest. Juno required him, that when he had vanquished the Lions, he would return unto her. Hercules promised her that he would. After that he departed from Creet, and went into Thebes to sée Megara, and to make his Haznes and Arms ready. When the Ladies of Thebes knew that Hercules would go against the Lions of Nemee, they all complained of his youth: and thought that he would dye there, for the Lions were cruel and terrible. Megara above all other was passing sorrowful, and required the Ladies, that they would pray Euristeus, to keep Hercules from going so dangerous a voyage. the Ladies accomplished the requests of Megara, and thought to have broken the voyage of Hercules, by the means of Euristeus, but they could in no wise: For Hercules answered Euristeus, and the Ladies, that it was the first enterprize he had taken in hand at the request of any body, and for as much as the Queen Juno had desired him to do it, he had intent to accomplish it by the pleasure of God and Fortune.

Hercules was great both of heart and courage, being exalted with honour, he had rather have died, than have done any thing whereof should follow any dishonour. When his Arms were ready, he armed him. Taking leave of King Creon, Euristeus, Amphitrion, of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, accompanied only with Philotes, which would never leave him. He departed from Thebes, proceeding in his journey, that he came unto the Forrest of Nemee, which stood not far from Argos. In approaching this Forrest, he went two days without finding Beasts or men, at last found a Pastor or Herdsman named Melorcus. This Herdsman was mounted upon a great Tree. When he saw Hercules entred into the Wood, he called to him, saying: Sir, you are dead, if you go any further, return quickly, for the fierce Lions will destroy you: or else come hither up to me. Hercules hearing the words of Melorcus, lookt upon the Tree, and

and demanded what he was? Alas, said the Pastor, I am the poorest man of all other, the Lions of the Forrest, at their coming have eaten a great Herd of Beasts that I nourished here: besides they have eaten all my Family and men, and have devoured all save me alone, which have by adventure, a great while saved my self upon this Tree, where I eat nothing else but Leaves and Acorns, and dare not descend down for fear of three Lions which are here by, who will soon assail you unless you depart and flee.

The Pastor finishing his words, there came leaping out of a Bush the three Lions, and marched against Hercules, roaring and crying, opening their eyes with so great rage, as if they would pierce Hercules with their sight. The great Lion came first, his hair standing up, he was as high as an Elephant, and great after that proportion, his head was twice as big as the head of a Bull. Hercules seeing them come, took his Sword and Club that Philotes bore. Philotes, notwithstanding his prowess, was sore afraid, that he went on the Tree to the Herdsman. Hercules set his Club to the Tree, and betook him to his Sword: the Lions at the approach brayed in their throats. Hercules struck one of them between the eyes, and fel'd him to the earth upon his buttocks. The great Lion thinking to have sprung upon Hercules, and to have taken him in his Claws, made a terrible leap. When Hercules saw his intent, he turned from him, and struck at the third Lion, which was light and nimble, and struck his Sword right into his throat, that he reacht his heart, whatsoever resistance he could make in biting the Sword, and left it in his body in such wise, that he fell dead to the earth. When the other Lions saw their fellow so used, they set their Claws on the earth, and howled cruelly, that it seemed Thunder had sprang out of their stomachs. All the Forrest sounded thereof. Hercules took his Sword, and the two Lions approaching again, ran upon him with their Paws, hurting him unmeasurably, that losing his Armour, their Nails entring into his flesh, they drew them out all died with his blood.

Hercules had his heart sore troubled, when he felt his wounds that the Lions had made: then he lifted up his Sword, and smote

ſmote one another, but the great Lion had his skin ſo hard, that his Sword might no more enter therein, than it might on a great Rock. Thus began the battel of the Lions and Hercules. The little Lion was eager and fierce, he lanching him forth oftentimes againſt Hercules, alwaies thought to have hurt him with his Claws, that cut like a Razor: but he lanched ſo often, that it was to his diſadvantage, for Hercules after many great ſtrokes, divided from the body, his right leg, very nigh the ſhoulder, and ſtrake him down by the feet of the other Lion that lay dead.

When Hercules ſaw that he was delivered of the two evil Beaſts, and that he had to do with no more but the great Lion, he began to have an hope of good fortune. He had then comfort in himſelf of the battel which was ſtrong to ſuſtain: the great Lion gave him great ſtrokes with his Paws, and put him oftentimes in peril of death: but the Sword of Hercules would never enter into the skin of the Beaſt, it was ſo hard. The Lion took his Sword between his teeth and his nails, that with great pain he pulled it from him. Finally, when he had long fought with his Sword, and knew well that thereby he might raiſe no blood of the Lion, he would allay if the Club were to him more profitable. Than he took it, and the firſt time that the Lion came upon him, he gave him a ſtroke with his Club on his mouth, that all the teeth brake and fell out before him. The Lion feeling the ſtroke, made a great and marvellous howling, and lifting up his Paws, thought to have pulled down Hercules. But he fled the coming of the Lion: and the Lion fell to the ground, with fierceneſs of running, and failing of Hercules. When Hercules ſaw that he was fallen, he leaped upon him forthwith eagerly, and held him with his hands about the throat ſo faſt, that he brought his Jaws out of joynt, and making his eyes fly out of his head, he ſlew him.

In this Exploit Hercules ſhewed a ſingular hardineſs, and incredible force: for he ſtrangled with his hands a Lion, with the skin ſo hard, that Spears nor Swords might not do any harm, he put him to death by wonderfull valour: and when he had ſo done, he went to the other that lived yet, and all broke

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and tore him, as if it had been a little Lamb. After he had called Philotes to him, and the Herdſman, that were marvellous joyful and glad of ſo high a victory. And Hercules found the manner how to flea the Lions, and took their ſkins by the help of the Herdſman. When they had fleaed them it was night, Hercules demanded of the Herdſman, if there were any houſe or lodging thereby, where he might have accommodations; The Herdſman brought him to his houſe, where they found proviſion of Meat and Drink, wherewith the good man feaſted Hercules to his power, and he thought he was in Paradiſe. Thus Hercules paſſed the day and night, and forgot not to think on his wounds that were fell and ſmarted, ſo that he little ſlept that night. Yet notwithſtanding when the day appeared, he took leave of the Herdſman, and ſo departed, and took his journey to go into Creet to ſhew unto Juno the three Lions ſkins, and thank her for her good advertiſement.

CHAP II

How Juno ſent Hercules into Egypt, to be ſlain of the Tyrant Buſire, and how Hercules ſlew the Tyrant, againſt the hope and will of Juno.

KNow about this time reigned in Egypt King Buſire, Son of the Queen of Lybia: and the Land of Egypt was dry, not fertile, but barren. Buſire, to remedy this, called his Clerks, that held the Science of Zoroaſtes, and asked of them what he might do for the health of his Realm; They asked counſel of the Gods; and had anſwer, that they muſt ſacrifice unto them mans blood. When Buſire (that naturally was evil, and had never done good) heard this anſwer, he begun to tyrannize more and more. And began firſt with his people, taking and plucking from the mothers, their little Children, from Men their Wives, from Wives their Husbands, burning and defiling the Temples with their blood. For all theſe Homicides and Slaughters, the Drought ceaſed not, but augmented more. The Clerks demanded of the Gods the cauſe why they had no dews nor rain? They anſwered, that they would not have the juſt blood of Egypt, but the

the ſtrange blood that they ſhould take and ſacrifice thereof. The Gods by this anſwer, would have in ſacrificed the blood of Buſire, for he was a ſtranger to virtue and goodneſs. And the Clerks underſtood they would have the blood of ſtrangers. Buſire adverti-ſed of this anſwer, ceaſed to perſecute the blood of Egypt, and turned his Sword upon the blood of ſtrangers, and made an Edict, that no ſtranger ſhould enter into his City, but ſhould be ſacrificed unto his Gods: in this manner he murthered all the ſtrangers he could get. By this Edict many ſtrangers, both Noblesand others, were ſacrificed, by the cruelty of Buſire. Among others, one Nobleman of Creet (of the Linage of Juno) periſhed in this miſfortune, by the Sword of Buſire, The tidings came unto Creet, where was made great lamentation As they continued their mourning, Hercules and Philotes came to Queen Juno, and found her overcharged with exceeding grief. At that time were an hundred Cities in Creet, and King Jupiter abſented himſelf from Juno for many reaſons. When as Hercules was returned to his Step-mother Juno, he reverenced her, ſhewing her the Skins of the Lions that he had ſlain, and thanked her for the high adventure ſhe admoniſhed him of.

The curſed Step-mother for the return of Hercules, was more perplexed than before: yet ſhe feaſted Hercules and made to him (faintly) the greateſt Cheer that ſhe could, being about Dinner-time, ſhe made him to dine with her. As they ſate at Dinner (after divers ſpeeches of the Lions) ſhe adviſed how ſhe might work the death of Hercules and thought ſhe could not compaſs it better, than to ſend him to Egypt And to bring it to paſs, ſhe changed the diſcourſe of the Lions and ſaid to Hercules, your coming again in ſafety, is to me moſt joyful, for that your name ſhall enjoy perpetual Renown among the moſt Worthy and beſt of the world, for you have atcheived many Enterprizes: In your Infancy you made all the World to wonder at the victory of the Serpents by you ſtrangled. After you made your Sword to flouriſh in the weſt parts of Phrygia, and now in Nemee. The adventure of theſe exploits have gain'd you exceeding honour, whereof I am glad, for each perſon ought to rejoice in the well doing of another, eſpecially of a Nobleman, and principally ſuch a one

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as laboureth to excel in valour, every perſon is bound to counſle him to his honour and welfare. Wherefore, ſince it is ſo, that y, endeavour your ſelf from day to day, and ſeek perils of the Sea and dangers of the earth, to overcome them: I advertiſe you, that in Egypt is a Tyrant, that ſacrificeth all ſtrangers that come into his Country, without reſerving Noble or baſe; So (I think) if Fortune be ſtill favourable to you, you ſhall gain great honour to your ſelf, and profit to all the Nations of the world.

Madam, anſwered Hercules, I am not, nor never in all my life, ſhall attain to ſuch an exceeding height of honour as ye report: notwithſtanding, forasmuch as I have great deſire to perform adventures to the benefit of all Nations that they ſhall concern. I promiſe you, and ſwear, that to morrow without further delay, I will make all things in readineſs, to go into Egypt. And I will never return again into my country, until the time that I have ſeen the Tyrant. If he lay hand on me, to ſacrifice me, I have intention he ſhall not without greet ſtrokes. Juno hearing the enterprize of Hercules, rejoyced in her heart exceedingly. That day they paſſed in many conferences. Hercules took the ſkins of the Lions, and delivered them to a certain workman, to make of them a garment in manner of Armour, to arm him withall. On the morrow he took leave of his Step-mother, and departed from Creet, ſo journied on the way with Philotes, (without finding any adventure worthy the remembrance) on a day he came to the Gate of the City Memphis, in Egypt, where the Tyrant Buſire held his reſidence.

When Hercules was come nigh unto the Gate, he took his Club that Philotes bare, and entred himſelf into the City. He had not been long there, nor far gone, but Buſire which was advertiſed of his coming, came againſt him with his complices, without ſpeaking any word, ran upon him. Hercules was well appointed, for he knew the Tyrant by his geſture and the ſign that was told him: he lifted up his Club when he ſaw him come, and as the Tyrant would have ſmitten him with his Sword, without any word ſpeaking, he ſtroke the Tyrant on the right ſide ſo vehemently, that not only he fell'd him to the earth, but

also the ribs of his body were broken, that he could never relieve him after. The Egyptians seeing Busire overthrown, some ran to relieve him, and the rest assailed Hercules. Then was all the City in an uproar. Hercules was joyful he had overthrown the Tyrant, and began to make the Egyptians to know his Club. He slew many of them, and the remnant he made to flee. His strokes were so forcible, that the complices of Busire that were accustomed to shed mens blood had their blood, shed abroad, and could not remedy their mischance, which was so great, that Hercules filled all the place with dead bodies. And after a long battel, he found himself alone, for there was no man so hardy that durst be seen before him. The people and the Commonalty of the Egyptians, minded not the rescue of their King. When they saw him beaten they all hated him, and beheld the Battel from far by very great routs. When Hercules had then laboured so much, that he found no man to fight with him, he set down his Club and addressed him unto a great company of Egyptians that stood there, and assured them he would do nothing unto them, and asked what people they were that had assailed him? They answered him kneeling on their knees, They were Pen-slayers, Hangmen, and people of vitious and evil life: that their King which he had first beaten down, was the worst of them all, and had purposed to put him to death as a stranger, to make Sacrifice unto the Gods. And they prayed him to Sacrifice their said King.

Hercules granting their petition, accorded it unto the people, and took this cursed Tyrant Busire, and bore him upon his shoulders unto the Temple, which the Egyptians shewed him. The false Tyrant cryed after help terribly: but his cry availed him not. The Egyptians cryed unto Hercules, Sacrifice, sacrifice him. When Hercules came into the Temple, he sacrificed him, after he had shewed him his cursed and evil life. And then when the fire was put unto the sacrifice, it began to rain, and the great drought began to fail: whereof the Egyptians were so joyful, that none could express: They did sing praises unto Hercules, and brought him and Philotes unto the Pallace, and constituted Hercules King over them: but he refused, and ordained

Judges

Judges to govern them. Then he returned unto Queen Juno, who had great ſorrow, and to King Creon who had great joy at the rehearſal of his good Fortune.

CHAP. III.

How Hercules eſpouſed Megara: and how he was made Knight in Thebes.

JUſt as the young Vine, by the induſtry and labour of the Huſbandman, groweth in height, and his boughs ſpread abroad full of fruit: ſo Hercules labouring vertuouſly, grew in fruit of Nobleneſs: his Works, his branches, then began to ſprout abroad and ſpread from Realm to Realm.

The ſecret conſpiracies of Juno, and her curſed envies could not hurt nor diminiſh the vertue of Hercules. The more ſhe thought to harm him, the more ſhe was the cauſe of his exaltation. As he was puiſſant and ſtrong of body, he was yet more ſtrong of vertue: for vertue was ſet in him, as the precious ſtone is in Gold, as the ſweet ſmell is in the flower, as the ray of the Sunbeam is in the Sun: He was beloved of Kings, Princes, Ladies, Gentlewomen, Nobles and all others, eſpecially of Megara the Daughter of King Creon. And verily ſhe was not deceived, for Hercules loved her alſo, and was never hurt, but he thought on her: yet durſt neither of them ſpeak to other of this matter, they were aſhamed to diſcover that, whereby they had hope to have honour, and often they bewailed to themſelves, deſiring the day they might take each other in marriage.

So much they wiſhed after that day, till at laſt it came. For on a morning, as Hercules was gone into the Wood to take a wild beaſt, he remembred him of his Lady, and began to ſpeak to him ſoftly: Shall I be alwayes in pain? Shall mine heart never be eaſed, but alwayes languiſh in love? I ſee all men in great joy, with their Loves and Ladies, and I think never how to come to the point of one only, whom I have choſen above all other, I know not how to begin, I dare not ſpeak to her, nor I have not aſſayed if ſhe would condeſcend: Shall I ſpeak to her? I know not well how? If I ſpeak to her and ſhe refuſe, I

ſhall fall in deſpair. I ſhall dye for very grief of heart, I ſhall never after dare to come in any noble aſſembly, if all our friends were of one accord, to give her to me in marriage, and ſhe were not content and pleaſed, all were loſt. The moſt jeopardy is, to have her good will, for without her grace I can do nothing: then it is neceſſary that I ſeek her good will, ſince it is ſo, for if I ſleep thus, and ſpeak not, I ſhall never atchieve, nor come to my purpoſe.

Hercules reſolute in his purpoſe, and enflamed with great deſire of Love, came from the Wood, abandoned the Wild beaſt, and gave it over to come to Megara, thinking how and by what words he might come, and ſhew unto her that which lay on his heart. He went ſo far, that he came to the Garden of the Palace, where ſhe was with many Ladies, and Gentlewomen. He made to them reverence, until he eſpied the time that he might ſpeak to Megara, and he waxed ſo penſive that it is marvel: he intermitted nothing to confer with the Ladies, but therewith he drew him apart into the Garden. When the Ladies beheld him ſo penſive, divers of them came to him, and talked with him, to put him from his thoughts and penſiveneſs, but they could not, at laſt Megara came to him. As ſoon as Hercules ſaw her come, he began to ſigh, and come againſt her. And ſhe ſaid to him, Hercules why are ye ſo penſive? Put away from you ſuch melancholy, and tell me of your news, I pray: Lady (anſwered Hercules) I thank you for your good viſitation, ſince it pleaſeth you to hear of my tidings, and to know them, I will tell you apart: Firſt, the cauſe why I am brought into ſuch perplexed melancholy as you now ſee, is, by beholding your perfections: for as I went to the Wood to hunt, the remembrance of your right Noble Beauty, continually being in mine imagination, came unto me, and made me enter into a ſecret perplexity, to wit, whether I ſhould alwayes live unrewarded of Love, and if I durſt ſay ſo to you) I have ſet my heart and love wholly on you. Madam, this perplexity was great, but in the end I concluded to come unto you to know the concluſion of my Fortune, whether it be life or death: Being in this deliberation (thinking how I might ſpeed with you) in this point and doubtfulneſs,

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your coming hath put me out of a great thought of pensiveness, for I knew not better how to come to the point, to speak to you apart (as I do at this present) than to apply the matter in time; for I say to you in truth, that since the time of my Olympiades, I have desired you night and day, and at that time I set my heart on your service, resolving to love you for ever. Madam, I know very well, that I have enterprized a thing that I am not worthy of: Notwithstanding, I continue at your mercy, and require that you will be pleased to receive me into your favour, in such wise, that shortly we may appoint our Nuptial Day.

When Megara understood the words of her Love Hercules she rejoyced in her heart exceedingly, and received great comfort; notwithstanding she was abashed, being shame-fac'd she answered thus. Alas, Hercules, by what fortune am I ordained to be beloved of so worthy a Gentleman? your excellive prowess, your glorious labours, your resplendent virtues are of such value, that you are worthy to have to Wife, the most beautiful Lady in the world. With these words, these Gentlewomen came to them, and said unto Megara, that it was time to withdraw her to dinner, which brake off their discourse. Megara sorrowful of hasty departing, that she might not atchieve her purpose, by constraint took leave of Hercules, and went into the Hall, full fed with love, and Hercules remained in the Garden, joyful of the swet answer he had received.

When the Ladies had left Hercules in the Garden, he assembled Euristeus and Amphitrion, and said to them he had a great desire to be married, and prayed them to go to King Creon, to know if he would give him his Daughter Megara. They spake to King Creon of this marriage: the King heard them speak right gladly, for the matter pleased him: and he answered, that he might no where better bestow his Daughter, than to the most Noble man of the world Hercules, whom he loved as his own Son, which was so valiant and Noble, and had no fellow like unto him. He was content to give to him his Daughter, and with her what he would demand. Euristeus and Amphitrion thanked the King for his courteous answer. Megara and Hercules were

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ſent for, the King made them betroth each other, with great joy of both parties. Afterward in proceſs of time, the day of their eſpouſals was celebrated with triumph, honour, and joy. And then they lay together without more ado, and lived together right honeſtly.

After the ſolemnity of this marriage, Hercules came to King Creon, and deſired he would beſtow upon him the Honour of Knighthood, forasmuch as the Nobles of the Realm of Icony were come unto him, and with a general conſent, had choſen him to be King of their City, for his good renown. King Creon (joyful of that) anſwered, That he would accompliſh his deſire: but would that it ſhould be done at a certain day aſſigned, ſaying, That then he would make a noble Feaſt, where men ſhould Juſt, and Turney, and that he would cauſe to come thither all the Kings and Princes of Greece. Hercules accorded and agreed, and the King ſent his meſſengers unto all the Kings of Greece, and prayed them to be preſent at a Knighting of a Noble-man, that ſhould hold a ſolemn ſport, at a day named and appointed, to anſwer all them that ſhall come to the Juſts. The renown of this Feaſt, was born unto all the Kingdoms of Greece: The proviſion and Ordinance was great in Thebes, one an other diſpoſed them to be there; the time paſſed and the day came, many a King and Knight was come at the time to Thebes. Theſeus and Jaſon the Sons of King Eſon, was there amongſt the reſt. The Kings made a great fair, and pompous ſhews about ten of the Clock before noon. Then King Creon went into the place that was ordained for the Juſts. At a corner in the ſame place there was a Tent, in which was Hercules all alone: At that time the Ladies and Gentlewomen mounted upon the Scaffolds, the Juſters came into the place, and no man knew or wiſt who ſhould be this new Knight. When King Creon ſaw the Knights were in on all ſides, and the Ladies were ſeated on the Scaffolds, he ſent for Hercules, and made him Knight after their Statutes. Then Hercules mounted upon his Horſe, took his Spear and Shield and challenged them that were there, that each man ſhould do his devoyre. Then one and other that deſired to win honour, took their Spears and ran againſt Hercules, and began a

Juſt.

Juſting that was hot and ſharp; their Spears were ſtrong, and brake not eaſily, but they met oftentimes, and ſome were overthrown and ſtruck off their Horſes. They that might not Juſt againſt Hercules, aſſailed each other like to like.

Jaſon and Theſeus juſted often againſt Hercules and Pyrothus, Son of King Ixion likewiſe: All bare themſelves valiantly, notwithſtanding Hercules above all men, no man could abide his ſtrokes, but he bare them all down except Jaſon, which encountrd him divers times, and gave him great ſtrokes, Hercules bared down Theſeus to the earth, and Pyrothus, and nigh fifty ſtrong Knights. He did ſhew ſo much valour, that no man abode in the place, but Jaſon and he then he ceaſed the Juſts; for the valour that Hercules found in Jaſon, he ever after had a ſpecial love to him, and took acquaintance of him, and made him great chear. At the end of the Juſting, Knights, Ladies, and Gentlewomen went to the Palace, there was Hercules made Knight of Icony. The feaſt was very rich, more than I can rehearſe, the ſtrangers were highly feaſted, and thanked. When all the feaſt was ended, with honour and glory of Hercules, there was no more to do whereof any memory is to ſpeak. Pyrothus prayed them that were there, to be at his Wedding in Theſſalonica, at a certain day named, each man promiſed him to go thither. Every one took leave of Hercules, when time was come of departing each man returned into his Countrey, and they could not marvel enough at the glory abounding, and likely to abound in Hercules, which was courteous and humble, not proud for the grace that he had in temporal honour. He was ſo vertuous, that he was not the more high-minded therefore, more exalted himſelf, but the more meek, and ſubmitted himſelf.

CHAP. IV.

How the Centaures raviſhed Hypodamia at the Wedding of Pyrothus, and how Hercules recovered her again, and vanquiſhed the Centaures in battel.

TO continue our matter, when Hercules ſaw the day of the Wedding of Pyrothus approach, he diſpoſed him to go thither

ther by ſpace of time, and took Philotes with him, and at all adventure took with him his Armour of the skin of the Lion. When Megara ſaw him depart, ſhe was ſore troubled for his departing and more for that he took his Armour with him, for ſhe thought, if Hercules heard of any great exploit, he would go thither, and aſſay himſelf againſt it. With great ſighs ſhe looked after him, as far as he might, praying to the Gods, that they would bring him ſhortly again. Hercules and Philotes went forth into the Countrey, and haſted on their journey as much as they could, until they came into Theſſalonica, where they were received with great joy of Pyrothus and his friends. They found there a very great aſſembly of Noble men, Ladies and Gentlewomen, Theſeus and Jaſon were there. The friends of Jaſon deſired that he ſhould be made Knight, wherefore they preſented him to Hercules, who gave him the order of Knighthood. And Hercules ſaid, he had ſeen in him a good beginning of a Nobleman, and if he may live, he ſhall attain to things high and noble. Among other things, the Wedding day came, the City was full of Nobles, and the Centaures were there, they were an hundred Gyants armed, that ran as the wind, which King Ixion had got in Theſſaly, of whom ſome dwelt in Moloſſe, and other in Aphure a City of Epypt, Hypodamia the Queen thereof, was the Lady and Bride of the Wedding. There were come many Kings and Princes, of whom I have not the names: The Queen Hypodamia and Pyrothus were married together after their Law. When the time of dinner was come, they ſet the Lady in the Hall, where a general feaſt was made. At this feaſt all the comers were amply ſerved with all manner of wines and meats, eſpecially the Centaures made paſſing good cheer, and drank ſo much wine, that the chief Captain named Euricus, and ſome of the other, had words together, and troubled the feaſt. Then they fought together, and caſt at each other, pots, platters, wine and meat ſo that many were ſlain. Then was there a great noiſe in the Hall Euricus and fifty of his Giants iſſued out of the preſs, and went to fetch their Armour: And being armed, they entred the Hall, and not content with the trouble they had made (albeit Hercules and others endeavoured to appeaſe them, that ſlew each

other)

other they took Queen Hypodamia and raviſhed her, then fled: When the Ladies ſaw this outrage, they cryed out. The fray was ſo great, that Hercules, Jaſon, Pyrothus, and Theſeus, ran unto them, and when they knew that the Centaures had raviſhe the Lady, they went preſently and armed them.

Hercules put on the skin of the Lion, and took his Sword, his bow, and his arrows, and went after the Gyants without ſtaying for any other company. They were placed under a Tree, and there trained them in battel ray, becauſe they knew the firſt that ſhould come after them ſhould be Hercules. They hated him ſecretly, and envied his glory, and they ſwore the death of him. At that time, when they were in theſe terms, Euricus eſpyed Hercules a far off, and ſhewed him unto his company. He was all alone, and came not a ſlow pace like a man, but ran as nimbly as a Hart in the Valley, he ſeemed to fly in the air. The ſwiftneſs of Hercules, frighted not the Centaures, for they were about fourſcore, and were all of great courage: They took their Spears Poleaxes, Swords and other Weapons, and ſome of the ſtrongeſt went againſt Hercules: But as ſon as he was come ſo nigh as to ſhoot at them, he bent his bow, and with an arrow ſmote a Centaure named Grineus, ſo that the arrow faſtned his head to a Tree, with the ſecond arrow he ſmote another Gyant named Petreus in the breaſt, through his Armour quite through his body, with the third he hit Dorillus a terrible Gyant, and nailed his hand to his face, of which ſtroke he dyed.

He ſhot many more Arrows, as long as he had any, and he ſhot none, but with it he hurt or ſlew one or other of the Gyants, when his ſhot failed, the Gyants being grieved for the death of their fellows by the ſhot and ſtrong hand of Hercules, they ran upon him, and environed him on all ſides. Siſacus, Neſſus, Lincus, Stilo, Lodeuin and Piſcus, were the firſt that ſmote upon Hercules with their Swords, then he took his Sword, and came againſt Pheotones, that had an Ax, ſo great, that it was an ordinary mans burden. Pheotones preſently lift up his Ax, and thought to have ſmitten Hercules, but he knowing enough of the War, turned him from the ſtroke, ſo that the Ax fell to the ground, then Hercules caught the Ax, and plucked it out of his hands,

and forthwith gave him a stroke with it, that he smote off his right arm at the shoulder.

Thus began the battel of Hercules with the Centaures, Jason, and Theseus came to the battel, and well proved their youth. For to encourage the other, Hercules thrust himself among the Gyants, and so wrought with the Ax, that they carried Centaures that brought it thither, and beating down all before them, Hercules began to seek for Hypodamia, and found her nigh to Euricus, Then he spake to Euricus, and said, Thou evil glutton, thou hast this day troubled the Feast, and stolen the Lady of my friend Pyrothus, and now I will trouble thy spirit; with this he up with his Ax, and smote Euricus on the head, that he fell dead, to the great grief of all the other Gyants, for beholding the Ax died with the blood of Euricus their Captain, they were all abashed: Then began Hercules, to smite more and more upon the Gyants, there was none then so resolute but was afraid, nor so hardy but began to hide himself, his strokes were not to be born, he put all his enemies to flight: Finally, with the help of Jason, Theseus and Pyrothus, that were marvellous valiant, they vanquished and chased them to a river, where twelve of them saved themselves by swimming over, and all the rest were slain, save only Lincus that Hercules held prisoner, because he prayed for mercy, and yielded to him. Thus were the Centaures destroyed, more by the hand and strength of Hercules, than by any other: When he had cleared the place of all the Centaures, he and his fellows returned to Hypodamia, and brought her again to the City with great triumph. The Ladies rejoyced for the recovery of Hypodamia, and renewed again the Feast, that endured afterwards eight days very great and sumptuous.

CHAP. V.

How Pluto ravished Proserpina, and how Orpheus went for her to Hell: how Queen Ceres came to the wedding of Pyrothus, and how Theseus and Pyrothus fought with Cerberus the Porter of Hell.

At this time, a little before the Wedding of Pyrothus Pluto the King of Molosse, Son of Saturn, and Brother of Jupiter

piter ſailed by Sea, ſeeking adventures, ſo long he ſailed that he arrived in Sicil, and found there nigh to the water ſide, a very great aſſembly of Sicilians, that hallowed the feaſt of their gods. When Pluto ſaw this feaſt, he armed twenty of his company under their robes, and went in this manner to ſee the feaſt, and try if he could find any booty. This Pluto was the greateſt thief, and the moſt treacherous man in the World, and had with him a Giant named Cerberus, like enough unto Pluto in condition and courage, but he was more ſtrong and puiſſant of body, all the other were great as Gyants, and had learned nothing but to practiſe miſchief, and could do nothing elſe.

When the Sicilians ſaw Pluto come and his fellows, they ſuppoſed it had been ſome of their neighbours that came to ſee their plays, and ſports, foraſmuch as they came cloathed in their garments, and ſaw none of their Armour or harneſs, and they forced them to ſing and dance, but their Songs and Dances did not continue long, for in coming to them, King Pluto caſt his eye aſide, and ſaw the Queen of that Country, that beheld the feaſt, and by her, her Daughter that made a Garland of flowers: The Mother was named Ceres and the Daughter was called Proſerpina, and was married to a Nobleman, named Orpheus, that ſate by her and played on a Harp: this Proſerpina was marvellous fair. And anon, as Pluto had ſeen her, he deſired and coveted her, and advertiſed his folk ſecretly of her, and after came nigh unto her, that he ſet his hands on her, and laid her on his back, and bare her away.

When Orpheus and Ceres ſaw Proſerpina taken away, they cryed out pitifully unto Pluto; with this cry the Sicilians left their feaſt, and ran after Pluto in great numbers Men and Women, hoping to have reſcued Proſerpina. But when Cerberus and his companions ſaw the uproar, they drew their Swords, and ſhewed their weapons, and ſmote upon them that approached them, ſlaying them abundantly, they retired, and went unto the Port, in deſpight of the Sicilians and Orpheus. They guided Pluto to his ſhip, and after they diſanchored, and carried away Proſerpina. The Sicilians were then unprovided of arms, and could not withſtand the taking away of Proſerpina. At the de-

parting from the Port, was made a most sharp lamentation. Proserpina wept on the one side most pitifully, Ceres on the other side with the Sicilians made no scarcity of tears. Orpheus also failed not to furnish his tears with deep sighs, for he loved Proserpina, and she loved him as well. At their departing their hearts were brought to a grievous distress, with so great anguish that Proserpina fell down in a swound, and Orpheus ravished with anger, that he returned to his Palace when he had lost the sight of Proserpina, and kept himself close in his chamber, without speaking to any in two days.

At the end of the two days Ceres came to visit Orpheus, that would neither eat nor drink, and said unto him, she knew well the ravisher of her daughter, that it was Pluto King of Molosse, and that he dwelt in a part of Thessaly, in a low base City, called Hell, forasmuch as in this Isle, King Pluto and his fellows did so much harm that they were compared to Devils, and their City named Hell, When Orpheus understood that Proserpina was in Hell, he took a little hope in himself, and ate and drank, and made a vow he would never rest in peace untill he had been in Hell to see Proserpina.

After he had eaten, he sent his Mariners and bade them make ready a Ship: When the Ship was furnished (after leave taken of Queen Ceres) in disguised habit he entred into the Ship with his Harp and made his Mariners to sail forth on the Sea, in such wise that he arrived at one of the Ports of Thessaly, Orpheus went there on Land, and commanded his Mariners that they should abide for him in that place, till a certain time by him appointed. He departed and went from Country to Country, so long till he came to the Gate of Hell, which Cerberus kept, there he began to play on his Harp most melodiously.

When Cerberus heard of the Musical sound of the Harp he lifted up his curled head, and came out of the Gate, to know who he was that played so melodiously? and by the sound of the Harp he found Orpheus; and thinking that Pluto would gladly hear him, (to rejoyce Proserpina that always wept) he caused him to enter into the City, and brought him before the King. Orpheus then began to play again on his Harp. When King Pluto heard him,

him, he took great pleaſure therein, and ſo did all they that were here. Then Pluto ſent for Proſerpin, when ſhe was come and heard him play with his Harp, ſhe knew it was her Husband, then was ſhe ſore abaſhed, whereas ſhe had wept ſore before, ſhe wept much more now. Pluto was ſorry for the grief of Proſerpina, and ſaid to Orpheus, If he could play with his Harp ſo as the Lady ſhould ceaſe her weeping, he would give him what he ſhould aſk of him. Orpheus promiſed him that he would, and Pluto ſware to him, that he would keep his promiſe, if he did ſo. Then Orpheus tuned his Harp, and played divers Songs ſo ſweetly, the infernal Cerberus, and many other fell aſleep, and Proſerpina, by means of certain ſigns and tokens that Orpheus made with his eyes, ceaſed her weeping.

When Pluto ſaw Proſerpina ceaſe her weeping, he was right joyous, he then awoke Cerberus and the other that ſlept, and ſaid to Orpheus he had well Harped, that no man could do better: and that he ſhould demand ſomething, and he would give it him without fail. Orpheus hearing the words of Pluto, had great perplexity in himſelf to know what he ſhould demand; in the end he ſaid to him, Sir, I am Orpheus the Husband of this Lady, and for her love I have enterprized to come hither in this caſe, now I pray you that you will render her again to me, that I may bring her again to her mother that dieth for ſorrow. When Pluto had heard the requeſt that Orpheus made, he was all amazed at the hardineſs that he had ſhewed: Howbeit, he ſaid to him, Orpheus, you have demanded Proſerpina, ſhe is the Lady that I moſt love in all the World: Nevertheleſs, to accompliſh my promiſe that I have made unto you, take her, upon condition that you bring her out of this City without looking behind you; and if it happen that you once look behind you, ye ſhall loſe her. At this anſwer Orpheus was content, and it ſeemed to him that his wife was as good as recovered again, he and Proſerpina paſſed over that night in good hope. When morning was come, Pluto delivered Proſerpina to Orpheus, upon condition before rehearſed. He and his wife took leave of King Pluto, and thanked him: After they went on there way, but he had not gone half way to the Gate, but he looked privily behind him, to ſee if any

man

man followed him, and there he found Cerberus, at his héels, that took away his Wife from him, and delivered her again unto the King.

Orpheus séeing by this unhappiness he had lost his Wife, began to curse the day that he was born, and he followed after her, and began again to Harp and offered great gifts to recover her, again, but it was said to him he should never have her again, and also, that if he had used the feat of arms, as he had the strings of his Harp, he should have died. With this conclusion Orpheus departed from Hell, full of sorrow, and returned into Sicil, unto Queen Ceres, telling her his adventure. The Quæn being assured that her Daughter was in Hell, and being advertised that in Thessaly should be allowed the feast of the wedding of Pyrothus, where were many Knights of great fame, she went to the Sea, and came fitly to Thessalonica, while the Feast endured. In approaching the City, on an afternoon Pyrothus and Theseus were in the field, they met her. Her attendance was great. Theseus and Pyrothus saluted her, and she saluted them again, and asked them the estate of the feast of the Wedding. They told, and recounted her all. After she demanded of them if there were no Knights of great name, and high enterprises: when they understood that she enquired so far, they would know what she was, and demanded her name? I am (said she) the Lady Ceres of Sicil. Then spake Theseus and said, Madam, you are welcom; for what occasion demand you if in the feast be any Knights of Enterprize? I can tell you that there be, notwithstanding I do wish you, and also require, that you declare unto us the cause why you have thus demanded?

Sir (said the Lady) since it pleaseth you to enquire of my estate so far: Know you for certain that I have made my demand, for as much as Pluto King of Hell, hath ravished my Daughter Proserpina, by which I am hurt unto death. And I would gladly find some Knight that of his courtesie would employ him to get her again, and assail the cursed Tyrant: whom I pray God may be damned everlastingly for his demerits. Wherefore I pray you, if you know any that will be merciful to me, that it please you for charity to direct me unto him. Madam (answered

ed Theſeus) be you no more inquiſitive to find ſuch a Knight as you ſeek: for in the favour of all Ladies, I will be your Knight in this Work, and promiſe you upon mine honour, that I will tranſport me into Hell. And King Pluto ſhall never have peace with me until the time he hath reſtored your Daughter.

When Pyrothus heard the enterpriſe of Theſeus, he began to break off his words, and ſaid to him, My Brother what think you to do, when you enterpriſe to go into Hell? You know not the bounds, nor the ſcituation of that place. Hell ſtandeth behind the Inner Sea, betwixt Mountains and Rocks, ſo nigh, that the Citizens therein be in continual darkneſs and ſhadow: and the entry is ſo difficult, that it is impoſſible to come within the City unleſs the Porter conſent: For here beforetime, many have gone thither, that be there left and abiding. there goeth no man thither that ever cometh again. It is right an hell, and each man nameth it Hell, as well for the ſcituation thereof in ſo dark and unlightſome a place, as for the inhumanity and terribleneſs of the Inhabitants that wait to do evil to all the world. Theſeus anſwered unto Pyrothus, and ſaid: There is nothing impoſſible unto a valiant heart.

King Pluto is cruel and ſtrong, his folk and people tyrannous. His City ſtandeth in a Country environed with mortal perils. Notwithſtanding ſurely the doubt and fear of theſe things, ſhall never daunt my courage, but that I will do my endeavour to atchieve this enterpriſe, and will perform my promiſe, or will have reproach of all Knights. For a man to keep his own honor, ought not to doubt any peril whatſoever it ſhould be.

When Pyrothus had heard the noble anſwer of Theſeus, he allowed it greatly and ſaid unto him, That his words were to him ſo acceptable, that he would hold him company in this adventure. The Queen Ceres thanked the two Knights: ſo they brought her into the City, and to the Palace, ſhe being there received and feaſted. The ſtealing away of her Daughter was told, and the enterpriſe of the two Knights. By the report of this adventure, and the enterpriſe that Theſeus and Pyrothus had made, all the feaſt was troubled again on a new. Among all o-

ther

ther Hypodamia considering that her Husband that was so newly married unto her would go in this perillous voyage of Hell, her eyes began to weep, and would receive no comfort unto her heart. The feast ended in great sorrow, Jason and Hercules would gladly have gone with Theseus and Pyrothus, and spake thereof to them, but they would not suffer them. Then departed Hercules, and entered into a Ship, as if he would have gone into his Country: each man likewise departed, and Theseus and Pyrothus took their way to go unto Hell. And then about their departing, whereof Hercules was advertised, Hercules made for to direct his Ship unto the marshes of Hell, and there went a land alone, concluding in himself that he would go after Pyrothus and Theseus his loyal and true fellows, and gave Philotes charge to bring Lincus unto Thebes, and put him there in Prison untill his coming again. After he departed and Philotes shipped in the Sea, where he had a dolorous adventure as shall be said hereafter. But at this time I must cease speaking of that matter, and will recount of Hercules how he went into Hell.

CHAP. VI.

How Hercules found Pyrothus dead at the Gate of Hell, and Theseus in danger: and how Hercules vanquished Cerberus: and how he rescued Proserpina from Pluto.

IN this place it ought to be spoken, that when Theseus and Pyrothus were departed from Thessalonica, to try if they could recover the fair Lady Proserpina: they travelled so much, that by their diligence in short time they arrived in the Valley where was Proserpina, full of sin and cursedness. Pyrothus that knew the Country, found the direct way that went into the City, and entered first therein. This way was so strait, that there could but one at once go neither on the right side nor on the left, the Rocks were so high, that no man might go on either side. When they had passed this way, they found a Rock that was cut into stairs, hewed out with Chizels. Then they saw beneath them Hell, a City strongly environed with waters that fell down

down fearfully from the Rocks, and made a terrible roaring: for they fell from high into a low vault in the earth. This City was incloſed with Mountains. A very Hell, having no more but one Gate: then to come down to the Gate, Pyrothus and Theſeus deſcended down by the ſtairs made in the Rock. In the deſcending, ſuddenly they ſaw come out of the Gate, a marvellous great Gyant, that had an head marvellouſly miſ-ſhapen, fierce, black and ugly. He had his noſe high and wide, his chin long, his teeth as great as Horſe teeth, his eyes like unto an Ore, his ears hanging like a hound, his ſhoulders large and broad, his belly ſwoln, his legs and thighs were ſtrongly boned and mighty. This terrible Gyant was Cerberus, whereof is touched before.

The Poets named him the hound with three heads, conſidering his grievous and unhappy living, which is compared unto three ſingular vices: to wit, to Pride, Avarice, and Letchery. By Pride, he glorified himſelf, and exalted him above all the men in the world, with his ſtrength, he was ſo ſtrong that no man could withſtand him. By Avarice and covetouſneſs, he had an appetite inſatiable to gather treaſures together, and bare away all that he could find. By Luxury, there was no man living of more foul life than he was: for he had never done other thing in all his life, than defile and ravith women and Maidens, Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſo the Poets rightly named him an hound with three heads, for he was foul, as a hound that liveth in multiplication of ſins, and taketh therein his felicity. When Theſeus and Pyrothus had eſpyed this Cerberus come unto them, all armed, making the wheel in marching proudly unto them, Pyrothus ſaid to Theſeus, My brother, behold what enemy this is, he that putteth him in ſuch perils for the Love of Ladies, ſetteth but little by his life. It behoveth us now to live or dye let us now atchieve joyouſly our enterprize, to the end that you may not think but that I had rather dye than have reproach, I will be the firſt that ſhall begin the battel. Theſeus had no ſpace nor leiſure to anſwer, for Cerberus came to them, and called to them, ſaying: What ſeek theſe fellows in Hell? We come (ſaid Theſeus) to ſeek Proſerpina, whom Pluto hath taken away from the Queen Ceres. We will never return into our Country, until the time we bring her with us. Truly (ſaid Cerberus) if ye

will return into your Country, you shall render again Proserpina, but I will forbid you the return. And this day I will present unto Proserpina my Sword dyed in your blood, and here you shall be buried: you shall never see Proserpina, nor come no nearer than you be now. With these words he lifted up his sword, and gave so great a stroke at Theseu upon his shield, that he did bear away an half quarter of it.

When Pyrothus saw his fellow smitten, he took his sword and smote Cerberus on the one side, and Theseus on the other side, and they gave him two very great strokes, that they made Cerberus to be chased so sore, that he began the battel unmeasurably, that he brake their Shields and Harness, and also made his sword to be dyed with their noble blood, as he had before said. The battel was hard and mortal at the beginning. Theseus and Pyrothus received many wounds by eager strokes, their Arms were all be hewn and broken. The battel endured very long, and Pyrothus behaved himself very well: but Cerberus smote upon him so unmeasurably, that after many wounds given unto him, he brake his helm, and cleaved his head into two pieces unto the stomach.

When Theseus saw his fellow dye, he struck Cerberus so fiercely that he made him stagger, and go back two paces. Cerberus would have avenged him of his stroke, and smote Theseus so, that if the noble Knight had not turned back, Cerberus had smitten him unto death. This stroke of Cerberus fell to the earth and entred therein, and Theseus smote again upon his enemy, which began to roar like an old Lion, and struck Theseus so fiercely with his sword, that he broke his shield, and so bruised his helm, that he was astonished at the stroke. But alwaies Theseus abode in the place: and then Cerberus would have brought him to destruction, following the evil adventure of Pyrothus, if Fortune had not brought Hercules thither, who came so fitly to rescue Theseus, that he knew not else how to save himself.

At this point when Theseus was so astonished, Hercules that was departed from the Sea (as is said) came to the stairs that were cut in the Rock, and beholding Theseus all covered with blood, and Pyrothus dead, he began to descend down, crying to Theseus that he should not be afraid. When Cerberus saw and heard Hercules, he began to cry again and roar to be quit of him:

Theseus

Theſeus was comforted with the voice of Hercules, but however he began to run here and there before Cerberus.

So much then haſted Hercules down the ſtairs, in entring the place, and as haſtily as he might, he cryed to Cerberus, Cruel Tyrant, let the Knight run, and come to me: thou haſt put to death my good friend Pyrothus, whereof I am ſorry, but I will take vengeance of thee for him. Cerberus hearing the ſentence of Hercules, ran no more after Theſeus, but tarried and beheld Hercules, with a fierce look, and anſwered him. So meaneth he to revenge his ſhame, that ſo believeth: I have deſtroyed thy fellow unto death, and unleſs thou exceed him in skill of Arms and in bodily ſtrength an hundred fold double, it is folly for thee to come hither, for I am Cerberus the Porter of Hell, that at the report of my name all the world trembleth.

Thus ended his anſwer, Hercules was at the foot of the Rock, and he had his Club upon his Shoulder. Cerberus came againſt him, they ſmote each other luſtily, and thus they began a very hard battel. Then Theſeus, that was weary ſate by, and reſted him, drying and cleanſing his wounds of the blood that came out of him.

Hercules beheld Theſeus cleanſing his great wounds, he began to employ the force of his ſtrength and might, by ſuch marvel that with a ſtroke that he gave him on his helme, he made him to ſtoop under his Club, and to kneel to the ground with the left knee, and at the ſecond ſtroke in purſuing him haſtily, he made his ſword to fly out of his hand, then he made him to fall on his arms to the ground, and with the third ſtroke, as Cerberus thought to have relieved him and gotten his Sword, Hercules ſmote him upon the body, that he made his head reel againſt a great ſtone: after that he ſprang upon him, and bound his legs with the ſtrength & force of his hands in deſpigh of the Gyant, and he tore the helm off his head, and would have ſlain him, but Theſeus prayed him that he would not put him to death there, but that he would bring him into Theſſalonica, to dye by the ſentence of the Queen Hypodamia.

Cerberus was not then put to death, at the requeſt of Theſeus. Notwithſtanding, Hercules bound his hands behind his back, and after he made him ariſe, and took him by the beard, and made him go upon the Rock, and there he laid him down, and

bound his feet, his hands, and his neck together, in such wise, that he durst not remove. When he had done so, he went down, and entred into the Gate of Hell, and leaving there Theseus, he went so far that he found the Palace of King Pluto, and there came into the same Hall where Pluto was with Proserpina. All they that were there, marvelled at him, when they saw him entred: for they knew not of the overcoming of Cerberus, as they that left all the charge and keeping of their City to him, without having any dobut or suspicion: also they were so far from the Gate, that they might not hear of the battel, nor knew of nothing that befel their Porter. Then when Hercules had found Pluto and Proserpina, he had great joy, and knew him by certain marks, he addreſt him towards Pluto, and said: Pluto by thy treachery, Sicil is now full of heavineſs, for the ravishing of this Lady, which thou hast not granted to yield and render again to her Husband Orpheus; I know not what pleasure thou hast therein, but I will make thee to repent this injury, in following the evil adventure of Cerberus, whom I have banquiſhed. With these words Hercules lifted up his Club, and gave such a stroke to Pluto, that he overthrew him to the earth, so that he moved neither head nor foot. When he had so beaten Pluto, thinking that he had bæn dead, he assailed them that were there murmuring, and put them all to death lightly with his Club, in the presence of Proserpina, who trembled for fear. Then he comforted Proserpina, and said to her, He was come into that place to deliver her, and to bring her again to her Mother, and that she should boldly follow him. Proserpina hearing this, was comforted with the words of Hercules, and followed him.

Hercules opened the Dor, and went out, and Proserpina with him. After he addreſſed him unto the Gate of the Palace, it hapned that there he found a great company of Citizens, that were advertiſed of this fray, and they ran upon him unmeasurably pursuing him to death. When Hercules saw that, he willed Proserpina to get her apart. After that, he lifted up his Club, and began to skirmish with his enemies with such valour, that he covered all the entry of the Palace with those miserable Tyrants that he slew, for he put to death more than four hundred. So that the other fled and gave it over: and then when he saw his

his enemies dead and ſcattered, he took Proſerpina by the hand and led her out of the Gate of the City.

Theſeus (that tarried at the Gate, as is ſaid) rejoyced greatly when he ſaw Hercules come again with Proſerpina: he aroſe and met them and ſaluted the Lady, and preſented to Hercules a Chain of Iron, that he had found at the Gate, and many priſoners bound by Cerberus, Hercules unbound the Priſoners, and took the Chain and bound Cerberus therewith. And when he had buried Pyrothus, he departed from Hell, and took his way with Proſerpina, Theſeus and Cerberus, and journied till he arrived in Theſſalonica, and delivered Proſerpina to the Queen Ceres: and to Hypodamia he preſented Cerberus, rehearſing to her and the Ladies, how he had ſlain Pyrothus. Hypodamia had ſo great ſorrow for the death of Pyrothus, that to recount it is impoſſible. All they of Theſſaly likewiſe made great ſorrow for their Lord. And to revenge his death, Hypodamia did cauſe Cerberus to be bound to a ſtake in the Theatre of the City, where young and old tormented and vexed him three days, drawing him by the beard and ſpitting in his face; after ſlew him inhumanely. And when Hercules and Theſeus, Ceres and Proſerpina had tarried there a while in comforting Hypodamia, they took their leave, and Hercules went accompanied with Theſeus toward the City of Thebes. But I will leave them, and ſpeak of the adventures of Philotes.

CHAP. VII.

How Andromedus delivered Lyncus: And how he ſlew in battel the King Creon, and took the City of Thebes.

WHen Philotes had received into his guard and keeping Lyncus, Hercules was gone to the ſuccour of Theſeus, and Pyrothus, as before is ſaid: The Mariners took their Ship and ſailed all that day without finding any Adventure. But on the morrow betimes in the morning. Fortune that always turneth without any reſting, brought to them a great Ship, that drew his courſe unto the ſame place that they came from. Andromedus King of Calcide, was Captain of this Ship. This Andromedus was Cozen to Lyncus. When he had eſpied the Ship where Lyncus was, he made his Galley to row thitherwards, and ſaid; He would know what people were therein. In approaching the Ship of Thebes, *Lyncus* beheld the Galley of Andromedus,

dromedus, and knew it by the Signs and Flags that it bore. Andromedus demanded of the Mariners to whom the Ship belonged: When Lyncus saw and heard Andromedus, he broke the answer of the Mariners, and cryed to him, Andromedus, loe here thy friend Lyncus, if thou give me no succour thou mayest lose a good friend in me: for I am a Prisoner, and Hercules hath sent me into Thebes.

Andromedus hearing Lyncus had great anger, for he loved Lyncus well, and called to them that brought him, and said to them, that they were all come unto their death. And also that they were under his ward Philotes and his folk, were furnished with Arms and Harness and made them all ready to defend themselves, and with little talk, they of Calcide assailed Philotes; and Philotes, and his folk employed them at their defence. The battel was great, but ill fortune and mishap turned in such wise upon the fellows of Philotes, that they were all slain. Andromedus had two hundred men in his company, all Robbers on the Sea. These thieves smote fiercely upon Philotes, and hewed his arms, striking, and giving him many wounds. But his strong resistance profited him but little, for in the end he was taken and bound, and Lyncus was delivered and unbound from the bonds of Hercules.

Lyncus had great joy of his deliverance: thanked his good friend Andromedus. After this he told him how he was taken, and how Hercules had dissipated and destroyed the Centaures. And among other he named many of his friends that were dead, whereat Andromedus had so great displeasure, that he swore incontinently he would revenge it. That as Hercules, had slain his friends, in like manner he would destroy his Kingsfolks. He said to him that Hercules was gone into Hell. And after demanded, how he would revenge him upon the friends of Hercules: and thereupon they were long thinking. In the end, when he had taken advice, Andromedus concluded that he would assail the City of Thebes, and if he might get it by assault, he would slea the King Creon and all them of his blood.

With this conclusion, came thither all the Galleys of Andromedus, in which he had eight thousand fighting men. Andromedus made them to return towards Thebes, and as hastily as he might, he entred into the Realm, wasting and destroying the

the Country by fire and sword so terribly, that the tydings came unto King Creon. When he knew of the coming of the King Andromedus, and that without defiance, he made him War, he sounded to Arms, and assembled a great company, and knowing that Andromedus was come into a certain place, he issued out of Thebes all armed, and brought his people upon his Enemies, that received them joyfully. And set themselves in order against them, and joyned their battels. The cry was great on both sides, speares, swords, dartes, guisarms, arrows and poleaxes were set on work. Many Nobles were beaten down. Lyncus and Andromedus fought haliantly: King Creon and Amphitrion failed not, there was blood abundantly shed on both sides. The battel was cruel and sharp, so that Andromedus and his people, got ground from them of Thebes, and constrained them to retire: whereof King Creon had great sorrow, and put his men again in array, casting himself in the greatest preis of the battel, where he fought mortally, and made such slaughter among his enemies, that Lyncus and Andromedus heard of the skirmish, and came together. As Lyncus saw the King Creon do marvels at Arms, he gave him three strokes one after another, and with the fourth stroke, he burst his Helm in pieces, and slew him: whereof they of Thebes were sore afraid, and despaired so, that they were utterly discomfited, and fled: which flight Amphitrion could not remedy, albeit he was strong and of great courage.

Of this overthrow Thebes was hastily advertised. Megara was gone up upon an high Tower of the Palace, and beheld the battle: and saw them of Thebes slain without remedy, and also turn their backs. The sight of the beating down of the King her Father and the view of the others, made her to cry out of fortune, and said: Unhappy Thebes, what mischief is befalne thee? Where is Hercules? Alas what is become of him? That he is not here, to defend the Country of his nativity, to keep his Wife from her foes, and like a Bulwark, to defend this City from her enemies.

When she had said this, she fell into a swound and so lay a great while. Then they of Thebes flying, Andromedus and Lyncus followed them so close, that they entred the City with them. And forasmuch as the Thebans were without head and put

put out of array, and Amphitrion had so many wounds upon him, that his strength failed: so the unhappy Lincus and Andromedus took the City, and slew all that might bear Arms, except Amphitrion, whom they found not in the heat. Afterward they went into the Palace, and there they found Megara and Amphitrion in great desolation, with many Ladies and Gentlewomen.

When Lyncus saw Megara (she was so fair and pleasant) he became amorous of her and came to her and said, Lady weep no more: Hercules the bastard Son of Jupiter is gone into Hell, and there he is dead. You have been wife of a man gotten in adultery, from henceforth ye shall be consort and Wife of a man legitimate, and born in lawful marriage: for I will marry you, and yield you more pleasure than ever you had. Megara answered, False Traytor, thinkst thou I am so foolish to give credit to the murtherer of my Father, and enemy of my Lord Hercules, know thou that I am his Wife, and that I will never have other Husband but him: he is no Bastard, but Son of the Lord Amphitrion, and the most noble man that is in all the World. Lady (answered Lyncus) I am King of this City, you are now at my command, will ye, or will ye not, I shall do my will with you, but I will take respite in my sufferance till to morrow. After these words Lyncus sent Megara into a Tower, and made her be kept there. After he sent Philotes into a low Prison, and finding there in bondage and misery, Priamus the Son of King Laomedon, he had pity of him, and sent him again to Troy, where he was received with great joy of the Trojans.

CHAP. VIII.

How Hercules entred into Thebes in an unknown habit: and how he put to death the Giant Lyncus and his Complices, and his Wife Megara.

WHile by the Sword of Lyncus and Andromedus, Thebes was taken, Lyncus exercised there many tyrannies. For Andromedus departed, leaving Lyncus there, with four hundred men of War, to keep the City, and to hold it under his command. Thus were the Centaures revenged. Juno coming into Thebes, rejoyced greatly when she found it desolate, full of

Widows

Widows and Orphans, and in the hands of Hercules his enemies: then great were the lamentations of Megara: but Amphitrion being nigh her, comforted her. Lyncus came many times to her into the Prison, and requested her love in the best manner he could. Yet his fair words availed him not, for he found her constant and firm, always keeping inviolable her chastity, and gave him many vertuous answers, whereof this is one, and the last: Lyncus, thou hast conquered Thebes, and Fortune hath given it unto thee, whereby thou hast enriched thy self with vices. Thou now hast power to commit on me murther; but thy power, nor thy sins be not so strong, to make my virtue bow to thee. Megara always bewailed Hercules: she lamented so much on a day, that she became all ravished, and in a Trance. That same day, Hercules (being departed from Thessalonica a good while before) journeyed so that he entred into the Realm of Thebes, accompanied with many Noble men. He found the Country all destroyed. And he had not gone far, when it was told him, how Lyncus was Lord of Thebes: and how he had slain in battel the King Creon, and imprisoned Megara.

When Hercules had received these tydings, he was replenished with anger, and said that he would revenge him if he might. Then he cloathed him with a Mantle above his Armour, and disguised himself: when he had so done he left there his fellows, and entred alone into Thebes, and being unknown, passed through the Gate, and carried himself so well, that the Porters let him pass through, till he came to the Palace. At the entry of the Palace a Soldier came to him, and demanded what he sought there? Hercules cast away his Mantle, and he took him to his Sword, and without speaking he gave so great a stroke to the Soldier, that being unarmed he cleft his head from the highest part down to the ground. Many other Soldiers that were there, seeing the stroke, were afraid, and ran to their Axes and Clubs, and some came and fought with Hercules: but he stroke off their heads, and then began to rise so great an uproar, that Lyncus heard it: and thinking it had been his Porters that had quarrelled: he came running down unarmed, to make peace. As soon as Hercules perceived him coming out of the hall, he drew unto him with his Sword ready drawn in his hand, crying Hercules, Hercules, and stroke him so, that he cut off his

right arm, and with the stroke he fell to the ground. And he laid upon others, that had no helms on their heads, nor targets on their backs: and then they knew it was Hercules. He slew them so thick, that with the blood that ran down, was made a great rushing, as it had been a River.

Among these things the Gentlewomen of Megara issued out of the Palace, and went into the streets, crying with high and clear voyces, that Hercules was come again, and that he had slain Lyncus. With these cryes, all the City rejoyced, and both old and young, Widows, Wives and Maids, ran and took arms with great courage, and assailed all about the men of Lincus. There was a terrible battel, and many people gathered together, men and women against their enemies. In a little space all the City was troubled. When Hercules had put to death all that he found in the Palace, excepting Lyncus, whom he put in the guard, and keeping of Queen Juno, and of many Gentlewomen that came unto him, he sprang into the streets, and shewed his sword, and laid down on all sides, and fought so mortally with the men of Lyncus, all about where he might find them, that by the help of them of Thebes, he made all the party of Lyncus fall by his Sword. Then the Thebans rejoyced greatly: and Hercules returned into the Palace, unto the place where the Ladies kept Lyncus. Then Hercules sent to break open the door of the Chamber which Megara was in, forasmuch as they could not find the keys, for they that kept her were dead. Megara then full of gladness, returned to her Lord. Hercules rose up and would have embraced her: but Lyncus that thought on nothing but evil (by the secret perswasion of Juno) turned him from it, saying: Hercules, touch not my Concubine, for I have known her fleshly, and she is the most luxurious Lady, that ever I was acquainted with.

When Megara heard the crime, the Traitor charged her with, she fell backward into a swon, without speaking a word. Hercules being full of anger, and thinking Lyncus said true, he stroke off the head of Lyncus, and with the same Sword that he slew the Traitor he put to death Megara, that was with Child. Yet the Chronicles of Spain tell, that he slew not his Wife, but put her into a Religious house, that he ordained in Thebes in the Temple of Diana, renouncing her company: and it is said, that

this

this was the firſt Religion that ever was in Thebes, Theſe things accompliſhed, Hercules went, and took out of Priſon Amphitrion and Philotes, and departed from thence ſore grieved: ſo that then, nor a long time after he ſpake not: and went his way at all adventure, accompanied with Theſeus and Philotes, and the Thebans lamented his departure: and he refuſing, they crowned Layus the Son of Agenor King of Aſſyria, foraſmuch as he married Jocaſta Daughter of King Creon.

CHAP. IX

How Hercules put to death Laomedon, and deſtroyed Troy the ſecond time.

KNow, That Hercules, Philotes, and Theſeus, departed from Thebes, and went into many Kingdoms ſeeking there adventures. And paſſing by Lycia where Hercules was created King, on a day, they came into Mirmidonie, unto the Palace of King Eſon, whoſe Son Jaſon had enterprized to ſail into the Iſle of Colchos, and made all things ready. When Hercules had been feaſted of Jaſon, and of Duke Peleus, and knew that Jaſon would conquer the Fleece of Gold, he promiſed that he would accompany him. And if Fortune would favour him, he would adventure to bring his enterprize to an end. To be brief, Jaſon and Hercules made ready a good Ship, ſetting out to Sea, and renewed not their victuals, till they came to the Port of Troy. And then they could not renew them at the port, for the King Laomedon was then in Troy, and had fortified marvellouſly the City again: knowing that there was landing at his Port a Ship full of Greeks, he ſent down a meſſenger, that commanded them rudely, that they ſhould depart thence, and that he was enemy to the Greeks. Jaſon (as Captain of the Army) anſwered courteouſly the Meſſenger of the King Laomedon, and prayed him that he might have victuals for his money: The Meſſenger anſwered him, That he ſhould have none there, unleſs he got it with the Sword. Then Hercules could be ſilent no longer, but ſwore to the Trojan, That if he might return from the voyage that he had enterprized, he would yet once again deſtroy Troy, and not leave one ſtone upon another. With this concluſion, Hercules and Jaſon departed from Troy, and

by Fortune they were brought to the Port of Lemnos, where reigned a Queen named Hysiphile, who waxed amorous of Jason, as is contained in the History of Jason. In this Port of Lemnos, Hercules was advertised, that thereby was a King named Phineus, which suffered himself to be governed by an avaricious woman, Phineus had been married to another woman before, and by her had two Sons. These two were wrongfully banished by their stepmother: and she was so covetous, that she took from the King his riches, and held greater state than he. Hercules hearing thereof, he went and spake to King Phineus and to the Queen, and shewed them their vices in such manner, that the two Children were called back from exile, and the King held his estate royal. Then Hercules returned into Lemnos, and setting to Sea with Jason, sailed to the Isle of Colchos, where Jason by the help of Medea, conquered the Sheep with the fleece of Gold, and carried it with him into Greece. Then Hercules commended Jason greatly among his Parents and Friends, and spake of the unkindness of King Laomedon, how he had sworn to destroy Troy, for the discourtesie that Laomedon had offered them. Then they all together with Hercules, vowed Troy's Destruction, and concluded upon the day of their departure, and after made ready their ships, and other provisions. Then Hercules kept his Covenant so well, that at the day concluded, the whole Army put forth to Sea, and having a gentle Wind, they shortly arrived at the Port of Troy, with so great an Host, that Laomedon durst not interrupt their landing.

Jason was at that time, travelling to seek adventures. Hercules had with him many Noble men, and among others, there were with him the King Thelamon, Ajax, the Duke Nestor, Castor, Pollux, Theseus, and many Kings and Dukes. At the landing of this Port (which was of strong entry) Hercules, that nothing doubted his enemies, caused to sound the Trumpets and Tabors, and made so great a noise with them, that the Walls of Troy, and of the Palace echoed therewith, so that Laomedon seeing (out of one of his Windows) the Host of his Enemies, was a great while thinking whether he should go to battel against them or no. So then it happened, that as he was thus pensive, he looked toward the Market place, and saw there more than

than thirty thousand armed men: which enflamed his heart, that he went and armed him, and (all his thoughts and pensiveness set apart) came to his people, whom he desired to do their uttermost. And after, himself trusting in Fortune, issued out into the field in order of Battel, with good conduct: although he supposed Hercules to be in the Army that was landed at the Port, he marched unto his enemies, that were joyful at his coming. And then began the Greeks and Trojans a hot skirmish with such slaughter, that there was many slain. Hercules failed not to beat down his enemies, and casting his eyes on high, espyed the Banner Royal of Troy: he laid on the right side, and on the left, with his Club he beat down unmeasurably; that he came to the Banner, and finding there Laomedon, he laid on him with his Club on his helm, that he pierced his brain-pan, and he fell down dead among many Trojans: and ended his miserable life.

After this he fought so valiantly with them that held the Banner, that he beat it down; then all the Trojans were discomfited; and cryed, flee, flee. With this cry, they began to retire unto the City, thinking to save themselves. But the Greeks pursued them so close, that they slew many of them in their flight. The rest entred the City, so troubled for the death of King Laomedon, that there was little defence among them. Thelamon was the first man that entred Troy, and Hercules the second; and then Hercules found well, he was right valiant. Priamus was not in Troy at that time, but was gone into the East, at the commandment of Laomedon, after he was returned from Thebes. Fortune having cast down King Laomedon by the strong hand of Hercules, the Greeks entred into Ilion and Pillaged it, and did Ransack all the Treasures of Troy. And they took Exione the Daughter of the King, whom Hercules gave unto Thelamon, requesting him to take her, forasmuch as he was the first that entred the City. And when they had taken all they thought good in Troy, for a final vengeance, Hercules beat down the Towers and Buildings, and fired them: that they left not one stone upon another.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How Hercules and Affer assailed by battel the Gyant Antheon, and how they vanquished him in battel the first time.

After this general destruction of Troy, when the Greeks departed, and Hercules had left them, the Greeks returned into Greece with great glory, and Hercules went by Sea, seeking his adventures, accompanied with Theseus and Philotes: and arriving at the Port of Alexandria, he found in this Port a great Army. When the Captain of the Army saw him weigh Anchor, he knew by the Ensigns of Hercules, that it was he: for he had heard him commended above all men, he came unto him full of joy, and said unto him: Lord of valour, and treasure of vertue, amongst the people most mighty, and among Kings most resplendent in all glorious vertue, I salute you, and request that I may be your servant and friend, and thus saying, he fell on his knees before Hercules, in sign of humility, he kissed the Earth. When Hercules saw the salutation and behaviour of this man, he took him by the hand (and lifted him up from the ground) saluted him, and demanded of him his name. He answered him, that his name was Affer, Son of Mediace, the Son of Abraham, and that in the Army, none was Captain but himself, and that the Egyptians, had ordained him Duke and Leader of the Host, to go into Libya, to destroy the Countrey in revenge of the injuries that the Tyrant Busire of Libya, had done to them, as Hercules well knew.

When Hercules had understood the name and affairs of Affer, he took him for his friend: and said to him, that he would accompany him to conquer Libya. Affer thanked him, and brought him into a rich Ship, where he feasted him as much as was possible. They had not long abidden there, but they went to Sea with great gladness, for the Egyptians were so joyful and glad to have Hercules with them, that they believed verily, that there might no mishap come to them. Hercules found in the ship of Affer, the Wife and also the Daughter of Affer, whose name was Echee: she was the most fair Gentlewoman in the world, and young and fresh. By the daily sight of her, Hercules became amorous of her and required her to be his Wife. Echee answered, that of her self she might not accord to his demand: but she

ſhe ſaid, if Fortune give me ſo great a grace that I may be your Wife I ſhall have more cauſe to thank the Gods, than any deſert in me. Hercules was well content with the Damoſel: and by her perſwaſion called Affer, and required him that he would give to him his Daughter to be his Wife. Affer thanked Hercules, that he vouchſafed to demand his Daughter: he that was the moſt excellent of Nobles: and ſaid to him, that he ſhould take her and do with her his will and pleaſure. Hercules eſpouſed Echee, by the conſent of Affer, and they lay together, paying the due debt of Marriage in ſuch wiſe, that Echee conceived of the ſeed of Hercules. After the marriage, Hercules and Affer ſailed ſo long, that they arrived at the Port of Libya, where now ſtandeth Carthage; and there they took Land in a night which was clear, afterwards they entred haſtily into the Countrey, and beſieged the City of Libya, without reſiſtance, or gainſaying.

In this City was then a great Gyant named Antheon, very great above other Gyants, the moſt ſtrong and puiſſant that was in all the parts of Europe, and Libya, Cirene, Tripoly, in all the Mountains and Iſles, inhabited in theſe Countreys, unto the Iſles Fortunate. This King then advertiſed of the coming of the Egyptians, was paſſing angry, and ſwore that none of them ſhould return into Egypt,

As ſoon then as he might he did cauſe his men to arm them, and iſſued out of the City with a great company of Libyans, and made ſo great haſt to run upon the Egyptians, that he kept no order among his people, whereof he took great harm: for when he came to the battel, he found that Hercules had trained his people, and ſet them in two battels, of which he led and conducted the firſt battel. It hapned ſo, that they of the ſaid company of Hercules, by force of ſhot bare themſelves ſo valiantly, with ſtrokes, that they brought to death more than fifteen hundred Lybians. When their ſhot failed, Antheon ſprang into the greateſt preſs, as the moſt valiant, and ſuppoſed well to have skirmiſhed with his enemies: but when Hercules ſaw him come, he laid hands on his Club, and put him forth before and gave him ſo great a ſtroke, that he made his head to bow on the left ſide. Antheon had his Sword lifted up to have ſmitten Hercules, when he received the ſtroke that Hercules gave him, by which his

his ſtroke was broken. Nevertheleſs he ſaid between his teeth, He would revenge him. So he lifted up his Sword again, and ſtroke Hercules ſo vehemently, that with the ſtroke he brake his Shield. Then Hercules knew that the Gyant was a man of great ſtrength, yet notwithſtanding, he ſmote him the ſecond time with his Club: thus Hercules and Antheon gave each other ſo great ſtroaks, that there came between them of the two parties, both Libyans and Egyptians. There was a great noiſe of clinking of Swords, and ſounding of the Shields and Helms that were broken, and Halberds that were diſmailed, Shields quartered, and Glaves broken: there was blood largely ſhed on both parties. Hercules and Antheon were parted by force of the preſs. Antheon by great ire ſmote without ceaſing upon the fierce Egyptians: Hercules broke the Helms largely with his Club, and did what he pleaſed with the Libyans, and brought ſo many to death with his Club, that in little time he paſſed throughout the whole power of King Antheon, many times in his way he covered the earth with dead Libyans. The firſt skirmiſh was ſtrong and damagable to Antheon: for one Egyptian that he ſlew with his Sword, Hercules with his Club killed ten Libyans. About Hercules was nothing but blood, Hercules made the mountains to rebound with cryes, the companies to tremble, the Libyans to flee back, with little gain. As long as the day endured he held the battel valiantly, and about the evening, when Affer and Theſeus came to the fight, he beſtirred himſelf in ſuch faſhion againſt Antheon that he made him flee, ſo that the Egyptians purſued them.

CHAP. XI.

How Hercules took King Atlas: and how he began to ſtudy the Science of Aſtronomy, and the ſeven liberal Sciences.

NOw when Hercules ſaw the Libyans flee before them, he cauſed to ſound a Retreat, foraſmuch as it was late, and with great glory returned into the place that he had choſen to hold his Siege at. His Wife Echee came to him with open arms, and kiſſed him: ſhe helpt to warm him, and brought him freſh water to waſh his face with, and there was made good chear of all the Egyptians. Contrary to this good chear, the Libyans were

were in the City and made great ſorrow, for they had loſt near thirty thouſand men: eſpecially Antheon made ſimple chear, for he had good cauſe: Hercules had ſo beaten him with his Club, that he might not help himſelf, but went with great pain to bed, and with ſorrow ſent for his Phyſicians and Chirurgeons, which came and viſited him, and finding him all bruiſed, ſaid to him that it would be near a month ere they could heal him. Antheon conſidered his caſe, ſent and deſired of the Egyptians Truce for the ſpace of a month, offering to ſend them daily a certain number of cattel, and a great quantity of victuals. Then he commanded all the Kings and Princes that were his Tributaries, and ſent unto his neighbours, praying them that they would come and ſuccour him with their men of Arms, in the moſt haſty wiſe they could. This peace ſo made, Hercules began to remember him, that before time he had heard Philotes ſpeak of a King named Atlas, that he was the moſt wiſe man and cunningeſt of all the world, that he dwelt in a Caſtle ſtanding on the top of a very high Mountain named Atlas, after the name of the ſame King. In this remembrance Hercules being covetous of the ſcience of Atlas, called Philotes and ſaid to him that he would go into the Realm of king Atlas, and that his intent was to ſeek there his adventure. Philotes anſwered, that he could bring him into the Realm, for he knew the Country. Then Hercules called Affer, and Theſeus, and charged them that they ſhould alway make good watch. And took leave of them and his Wife, ſaying, that he would haſtily return. This done, he and three Mariners with Philotes, went unto the Sea in a Galley finely made, and ſailed into the Mediterranean Sea: they had ſpeedy Wind, and Fortune was good to them. In little while they came into the Strait of Gibralter. And then Philotes ſhewed unto Hercules the Mountain, and the Caſtle where Atlas was at that time abiding.

When Hercules ſaw the Mountain and the Caſtle, he went and took land joyouſly: Then he took his Club, and commanded Philotes and his Mariners to abide them there. So he went toward the Mountain, and it happened he met with a man that deſcended down from the hill, and he addreſſed him toward the ſaid man to hear ſome tydings, and demanded of him from whence he came? He ſaid, I came from the Caſtle that ye

may ſee ponder on high. Whither go ye ſaid Hercules? unto the City of Mercely, anſwered the ſtranger: the King Atlas to whom I am ſervant, hath ſent me thither to publiſh his commandment unto the Citizens, that within ſix days they ſhould be furniſhed with their Arms, for to accompany him to go unto the war of the great King of Libya, which requeſted inſtantly to have his ſuccour. Wherefore if ye will ſerve him in his Army, and be his ſouldier, go up and ye will find him in his Caſtle ſtudying the ſcience of Aſtronomy. The ſervant of King Atlas with theſe words went on his way, and Hercules went up unto the Mountain, and came to the Gate of the Caſtle, where he found four Knights that demanded of him what he would have? Hercules anſwered, His will was to ſpeak to the King, for certain matters that concerned him. The four Knights (thinking nothing but good) brought Hercules within a great Hall, wherein were all the men of King Atlas, aſſaying them with Swords and Ares, forasmuch as they had heard ſay, that they ſhould go to Wars, and they were all armed.

When theſe Knights had brought Hercules thither, they gave knowledge unto the King, that a ſtrange Gyant asked after him, and would not tell them the cauſe why? Then Atlas went down, and found Hercules armed in a Lions skin, and asked him what he was? then he anſwered, he was Hercules that had conquered Philotes and the Garden with the Sheep of thy Daughters: I am now come hither for to conquer thee with thy Sciences. Wherefore it behoveth thee that thou do to me obeyſance, and give over to help the great Antheon mine enemy. And if thou wilt not do ſo, Arm thee haſtily, and defend thee with Arms, and that I command thee: If thou wilt not conſent thereto by love, I will make thee accord thereto by force. Atlas was exceedingly diſcouraged, when he knew by the mouth of Hercules that it was he that had conquered Philotes, and had ſlain the Gyant his fellow, taken his Sheep, and alſo newly had aſſailed by War Antheon, to whom he had promiſed to give ſuccour: and alſo conſidered, that he willed he ſhould yield himſelf to him, his heart then began to ſwell for anger and pride, and in great rage he ſaid to him, O thou preſumptuous Hercules, how art thou ſo hardy as to come alone before me? thou that I may not love? know thou that I have had many a diſpleaſure by the

outrage,

outrage, for Philotes was my great friend: and now thou art come to renew this diſpleaſure, and that I yield me unto thee, is not my intention.

Atlas with theſe words went into a Chamber faſt by, and commanded that every man ſhould arm him, as they did; Hercules had alwayes his eye upon him: to the end that he ſhould not eſcape him. When he was armed he came againſt Hercules, and challenged him, After he gave him a ſtroke with his Sword fiercely. With the cry and with the ſtroke all they of the Fortreſs, aſſailed Hercules. Then he put himſelf in defence, and laid about him mightily by the rigour of his Club, and with twelve ſtrokes he ſlew twelve of his enemies. After he wounded many other, and ſpared long the blood of Atlas. But in the end, forasmuch as Atlas gave great ſtrokes to Hercules, Hercules ſmote him upon the Helm, without employing all his ſtrength, and gave him a wound in the head, that all aſtonied he bare him to the earth. Then they of the Fortreſs durſt no more adventure to aſſail Hercules, neither durſt they adventure to relieve Atlas, but fled thence out of the Caſtle, and Hercules abode there alone with Atlas, and the dead bodies. So in the end when Hercules ſaw they had given it over, he took Atlas, and made him to cry him mercy. Then he went into his ſtudy, and took all his books, which he laded upon a Camel, and conſtrained Atlas to follow him. And when Hercules had done in the Caſtle all his pleaſure, he departed accompanied with Atlas, and with his books, and brought him down to the Sea ſide, to the place where Philotes ſtayed for him.

When Philotes ſaw Hercules come with Atlas, and his books, he had great joy, and took acquaintance with Atlas, who was ſo ſorrowful that he could not ſpeak: then they entred into their Galley, and went unto the Sea: Atlas was ſorrowful, and troubled with the wound he had in his head. Hercules requeſted him inſtantly, that he would teach him his ſcience. Atlas would in no wiſe do it at the beginning of his ſorrow: but when he had converſed and tarryed with Hercules, as well for the bounty he ſaw in him, as by the perſwaſion of Philotes, which affirmed that Hercules was the moſt noble and vertuous man that ever was, he began to teach him all his ſciences: wherein he learned and profited by quick and ſharp wit, that he attained to all, and

that afterward he became the best Philosopher, and the most perfect Astronomer in all the world. Thus studying, Hercules returned with great honour into the Army of Asser, and found at his coming, that his Wife had brought forth a fair Son, which the Egyptians had crowned King of Egypt, where he reigned afterward, and was called Dedon.

When Asser saw Atlas, and knew how Hercules had banquished him, he marvelled much of his prowess which was so great, and of his wisdom that attained to such high things. But Hercules bent all his wit and study to learn the science. In the mean while a little and a little the time passed, and Antheon assembled a very great host, and was all healed of his wounds, and the Truce failed and expired, whereat the Egyptians had great joy: for they yet hoped to have victory of their enemies. And the Libyans hoped to revenge them of the shame that Hercules had made them receive. When the Truce was expired, the day following Hercules made ready his battels on the one side, and Antheon ordained his on the other side. Antheon made three battels, the first of twelve thousand fighting men, the second of twenty thousand, and the third battel of thirty thousand. He then ordeined himself King and chief Captain of the first battel: in the second, he ordained the King of Getulie to be Governour: and in the third, he made the King of Cothulie. And then when he had well set them in array, and trained them, in a morning he made them to march joyously against his enemies. Expecting nothing but the hour when Hercules would charge them.

CHAP. XII.

How Hercules assembled his battel against Antheon King of the Libyans, which he put to flight, and slew the King of Cothulie.

HErcules had made of his folk two battels, the first whereof he conducted. Asser and Theseus guided the other. When he saw the Libyans march, which made the greatest tumult and noise in the world, he went forth before, and his Company followed. Then began the Trumpets to sound, and Tabors to make

make great noise: the cry was great, they began sharply the battel, whereof Hercules and Antheon wade the assay by a swift course, and with sharp swords, smote so sore together, that Antheon brak his sword, and the Iron of the sword of Hercules pierced the Shield of Antheon and his arms on his right side, by which he had a wound where the blood sprang out: Antheon was almost dead with sorrow when he felt the stroke, and saw that his sword had done but little to Hercules: he took his sword, and Hercules took his, and they smote each other so hard, that Hercules bare Antheon unto the earth with one stroke, and had slain him, had not the Libyans run upon Hercules on all sides, they gave him so great an assault that he knew not to whom he might attend. Then Hercules employed his sword upon the Libyans; The Egyptians assembled them eagerly upon their enemies. Antheon relieved himself all ashamed of his fall: applying all his puissance and strength to revenge him, not upon Hercules, but upon them of his party. This Antheon smote eagerly on the one side, and Hercules on the other. Antheon fought with great fierceness and anger, and Hercules by Prowess. The fierceness of Antheon was great, but the Prowess of Hercules was so excessive great, that the Libyans fled him: and when they saw him they trembled for fear, at this battel, before the sword of Hercules all bloody. Then the great routs of the Libyans were sore afraid, and kept no array: he smote off heads, and laid them down to the earth: his folk that were destroyed by Antheon he gathered together again. He made such work that the Libyans had the worse, and Antheon sent hastily to the king of Cothulie, that he should come to his help.

The King of Cothulie at the sending of Antheon, departed, weening to have come to the skirmish: but when Affer and Theseus saw him, they went against him, and hindred him. Then began the fight so great and mortal, that Theseus and Affer slew the King of Cothulie, beat down his Banners, his recognisances, and his Cotuliens, and smote so sore upon their bodies, that they went back, and were constrained to cry for help. The King of Getulie seeing this evil adventure, came unto the rescue, and found the Cotuliens discomfited, at this coming the noise and strokes began to renew: many a valiant Act,

and

and many a Prowess was shewed there. Many shewed their vertue and strength, and many were slain there. Theseus did marvels, but always the Getulians held them together, and fought against Theseus the space of three hours, and lost but a few of their people until the time that Hercules brought the army of King Antheon to discomfiture, and made them flee, to save themselves, the Getulians, then were discouraged in such wise, that after they had seen the Army of King Antheon discomfited, they could not lift up their Arms to defend them, but were slain by little and little: and in the end they were brought to such a straight, that they knew not how to save themselves. Then they fled out of the place, dispersed in the fields, without Captains or Leaders. And Hercules put himself forth in the press before all, among them that fled first of the Libyans, so that he came to the Gate of the City with them, and began to smite, so unmeasurably, that he put to death the Libyans flying thither, and the Porters, and all them that did resist him. Also he made the Egyptians to enter into the Town. And Antheon seeing fortune against him in all points, fled into his Palace, not accompanied as a King: but went at large to the fields, by the conduct of four Moors only, that brought him into Mauritania.

CHAP. XIII.

How Hercules slew Antheon.

In this manner Hercules and the Egyptians entred into Libya, and subdued it by force of Arms. And Antheon fled into Mauritania, where he assembled new folk hastily. They of Libya yielded them all to the mercy of Hercules. When Hercules had thus daunted them of Libya, and their neighbours, he made After King, and named it after him Africk, and said that he fought not for his singular profit and covetousness, but for liberality, and to exalt vertue. O most valiant and noble Hercules, there was never man born among the Painims more liberal, more noble, or more vertuous. He would not be King of all the world, he was liberal, and employed his conquest well and wisely, and gave all his gifts advisedly. When he had made After King, he enquired what laws they held, and established among

mong them the Sacrament of marriage. For at that time the Women were there, all common, and when it happened that the Women had children, they gave to the men after their Phyſiognomies: and thus ſaith Ariſtotle in his Politicks.

Beſides this Sacrament, Hercules ordained unto the Africans, that they ſhould keep the Laws of Greece, and with politick Government, made the Africans live reaſonably and vertuouſly. And above all other things, he made them have the order of marriage in great reverence. When Hercules had ordained all this, tydings came to him that Antheon was come again to chaſe him with many Moors that followed him. Then he returned toward Antheon and the Morians, and ſmote them down with his Club, ſo deadly, that he made it red with their blood, ſlew them all and put them to flight ſo cruelly, that Antheon abode alone againſt Hercules, and fought againſt him body to body by great ſtrength, and gave him many ſtrokes hard to bear.

But Hercules gave him ſo many and ſo large ſtrokes, that the Gyant knew not how to ſave himſelf, and thought to have fled. But Hercules that run as ſwiftly as an horſe, ran after him, and embraced him in his arms with all his might, and lifted him up into the air, and bare him unto the Mauritanes. And when he came nigh unto them, he caſt him down deſpitefully to the earth, that bruiſed and cruſhed him: Antheon abode there dead. And his death turned unto the Moors ſo great abaſhment, that they loſt all their ſtrength, and were ſlain by great exceſs without remedy: they loſt there the King Antheon, the King of Mauritane, the King of Tangie, and many other Kings, and all the honourable of the battel: for in the end they all fled, in which flight was taken and ſubdued the Seigniory of Africk, and the City of Mauritane.

CHAP. XIV.

How Hercules and Theſeus fought againſt the two Damoſels of Scythie.

In remembrance of this victory Hercules made in the field a ſtatue of a man ſleeping in the place where he had put to death Antheon, and under it he buried the body of Antheon. And as

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the Image, which was made of the bone of an Elephant, was set up, the neck of the Image began to sound like as it had been a man sleeping, wherefore the Moors had afterward the sepulchre in great reverence and worshiped the Idol. After this statue thus accomplisht by Hercules, he went by Tingie and Ampelosie, and by many other Countreys, and conquered all the Country, that now is called Africk, and gave all to Affer, and Hercules returned into Libya, and there he found Echee his wife dead by a grievous sickness: wherefore he made marvellous great sorrow. Then to forget this sorrow, he took leave of King Affer, and the Egyptians, and thought to have departed thence, but as he was taking leave, a Damosel strangely arrayed came unto him and said, Lord of Libya, the Queen of Scythia, Ladies of Egypt, of Cappadocia and of Asia, have sent me unto you: which Ladies have conquered the said Countries, in taking vengeance of the misfortune of their Husbands now late dead: and have abandoned their Country because of the great outrage that Verores King of Egypt made in Scythia. And forasmuch as ye be of the Linage of the Egyptians, they send to you, that ye submit unto their obedience, to do with you what shall please them: or else that you come against them in battel, to prevent the shedding of blood. And they let you know, that they have good right to subdue you, and that if there be among you two Knights, that against two of them will do feats of arms to try their lives, they will deliver unto you two Ladies in place convenient, upon condition, that if the Ladies overcome you, you shall be holden as vanquisht, and be at their commandment: and if your men overcome the Ladies, they shall be reputed as overcome, and shall be subject unto you.

Hercules hearing this message of the Ladies, answered the Messenger; Damosel, since the Ladies of Scythia be so valiant, that they have conquered the great Realms of Egypt, Cappadocia, and of Asia, they may be doubted: Nevertheless, to prevent the effusion of blood, and to defend the Africans from their bondage, you shall return to them and say, That the battel of two Knights against two Ladies, is agreed unto them, to be done to morrow upon the condition that you have said. Then Hercules, Affer, and many others promised to hold these things, and did great honour unto the Damosel.

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The Damoſel having done her meſſage, returned unto the Ladies, which were entred a great way in Africk, and told them word for word the anſwer of Hercules. The principal of all theſe Ladies, was Synope, and had two ſiſters ſo expert in arms, that they feared no Knight of the world, the one was named Menalippe, and the other Hippolita. Anon, as the Ladies had received theſe tydings of the Africans, they had great joy, and holding opinion, that Africk was won by the ſtrength of Hippolita and Menalippe, who did marvels in Arms, they ordained that they ſhould fight with the two Knights: and ſo they were on the morrow ready in the fields.

At the hour that was ordained, Hercules and Theſeus (ſitting on two horſes, with a great company of Africans) rode into the place that the Ladies had choſen to do feats of arms in. There were the two Ladies abiding in a fair place armed and well mounted on good Steeds, and by them were other Ladies in great number. As ſoon as Hercules and Theſeus had eſpyed the two Damoſels, they made them that followed to ſtand, and ſent unto the Damoſels to know what they would do. The Damoſels anſwered the two Knights, that they were ready to do deeds of Arms againſt them, under the condition of their quarrel. And if they were come they would come forth.

Hercules and Theſeus, with this anſwer took their Spears, and ſpurred their Horſes, and made ſigns unto the Damoſels. And they furniſhed with Shields and Spears, ran againſt them ſo expertly, that they ſeemed of heaven and not of earth, and at the coping of their ſharp Spears the ſtrokes were ſo great on both ſides, that Hippolita and Theſeus bare each other unto the earth, in likewiſe did Menalippe and Hercules. The Africans marvelled much to ſee the two Princes born down, and yet the Ladies of Scythia marvelled much more of the Damoſels. When the Knights and the Damoſels found themſelves lying on the earth, ſhame ſmote them to their hearts. Nevertheleſs each of them got lightly up, and with great courage took their Swords, and approaching ſmote each other fiercely, that the Ladies and Knights felt the ſtrokes. Hippolita purſued her man Theſeus and Menalippe kept her unto Hercules. The ſtrokes of Hippolita were great, and did great grief unto Theſeus. Theſeus enforced himſelf ſtrongly to avenge him, and could not well come to his

purpose. Hercules overcame Menalippe lightly with his Sword, and put her in his mercy, but Hippolita maintained her force so mightily against Theseus, that she had put him to foyle, had not Hercules been, that said to him: Brother, what shall this be? Where is the Prowess of Theseus? Shall that be daunted by the Chivalry of a Damosel? If it be so, certainly all men shall have shame of your dishonour.

These words began to awake again the blood of Theseus that was afore asleep, and to lighten his courage, in such wise, that he recovered a new strength, and put himself forth, and began to smite with such force, that he made the Damosel recant, and took away her Sword, and conquered her: whereat the Ladies were much grieved, and especially the Queen Synope, which then sent Hercules her arms, in token that she was vanquished, praying him that he would restore again the two Damosels. And Hercules took the Arms of the Queen, and sent to her Menalippe, and made peace with her for the Africans, upon condition, that they should give Hippolita in marriage to Theseus, who was amorous of her. So then the Wedding was made in Africk with great honour. And the Ladies hearing of the marvellous Acts of Hercules, praised him, and held themselves happy to be vanquished of him.

CHAP. XV.

How Hercules began to wax amorous of Dejanira, and how Achelous and Hercules had battle the one against the other, and how Achelous was vanquished.

After the conquest of these Ladies, Theseus took leave of Hercules and of Affer, and returned into his Country, to bring home his Lady; and then went Hercules to Calcedonia, which lyeth opposite to Achaia, and Arcadia, to see a fair Lady of excellent beauty, that he had heard greatly recommended by a Calcedonian that was in his company: By Sea, and by Land, he came into Calcedonia. The King of that place had to name Oeneus, and had two Daughters, the one named Dejanira, and the other George. Dejanira was the fairest, and that was she that Hercules came to see. When Oeneus had knowledge that Hercules

Hercules came into his Country, he had great joy, and received him, embracing him ſo honourably, as was poſſible. In entring into his Palace, the Queen and his two Daughters, George and Dejanira welcomed Hercules. Incontinent as Hercules caſt his eyes upon Dejanira, that was the faireſt woman that ever he ſaw He felt himſelf marvellouſly raviſhed. This deſire entred into Hercules all full of rayes of Love, piercing into his heart as ſuddenly as the rayes of the Sun paſſeth through Glaſs.

Dejanira had ſo much beauty, and was ſo well accompliſhed, that to her might be made no compariſon, not only in beauty, but with her in wiſdom and bounty. She was the moſt precious treaſure of Calcedonia and thither came many Ladies, Gentlewomen and others. Her neighbours were all amorous of her, and eſpecially King Achelous, that was ſtrong and puiſſant. This King had great ſeigniory, and marched through the Realm of Calcedonia. But when Hercules had been there a ſpace, paſſing the time joyouſly, in beholding the behaviour of Dejanira, it hapned on a day that the Meſſenger of King Achelous, came to Oeneus, and ſaid to him, that Achelous demanded if he would give him his Daughter, and that if he would not give her to him at this time, he would moleſt his Country, and make him war. At this meſſage, Oeneus was troubled, and anſwered the Meſſenger, That on the morrow he would give him an anſwer. All that day Oeneus was penſive and abode alone: and to paſs his melancholy, he came to Hercules. When Hercules ſaw him ſo penſive, he adjured him earneſtly that he ſhould tell him the cauſe of his penſiveneſs; who told it him and ſaid, Lord Hercules, ſince it pleaſeth you to know of my grief, I will tell you the cauſe. There is here by a King my neighbour, named Achelous, great and fierce, which hath many times deſired to have to his wife Dejanira my Daughter; I have not been willing to accord the Mariage, forasmuch as I know this King a man of evil life. And for this cauſe I have had many menaces of him, and alſo this day Meſſenger is come again to me, and he hath ſaid, that if I give him not my Daughter at this time, he will make war. Surely Hercules, if ye ſee me penſive, it cometh to me by this occaſion, for I have not yet given him his anſwer, but I muſt give it him to morrow.

Nevertheleſs, I have concluded in my ſelf, that I will not give unto him my Daughter. And now when I ſee verily, that by the refuſe of my Daughter, it muſt needs be that war will enſue; know well, that I am diſpleaſed: for war is the eternal deſolation of the Countrey, perdition and waſt of the people and goods.

Sir (ſaid Hercules) it is needful unto a man that he take and bear all that Fortune will. As ye ſay, war is not encreaſſing of people but diminution: yet by that extremity, it is expedient that a man reſoyce in his right. Right comforteth the courage of a man, and the courage of a man comforted, bringeth him oftentimes to glorious victory. A brute beaſt diſgarniſhed of reaſonable wit, fighteth for his neſt with his claws, and with his teeth. What ſhall a man ſenſible and endowed with wit, and reaſon, do with any aſſault (namely in his own Land and Territory) Nature willeth and inſtructeth, that where corporal force faileth, vigour and virtue of courage, worketh, and that they fight for their Countrey. Take Courage then in your right, and tell your enemies: ye have received me worſhipfully, and in receiving theſe tidings, I will help you if it be need, and I ſuppoſe if Achelous aſſail you, he ſhall repent him.

With theſe words the King Oeneus comforted himſelf greatly, and the day drew over. On the morrow Oeneus called the meſſenger of Achelous and ſaid to him, he ſhould come no more to demand his daughter, for that he was not minded to give her to his Maſter: and furthermore if he moved war againſt him for this cauſe, he had intention to defend himſelf unto the death of the laſt man of his people. The Meſſenger returned with theſe words, and told them to Achelous: and all that he found with him. Achelous was not content with King Oeneus, and as he that was overmuch ſmitten with the love of Dejanira, began to aſſemble his men of Arms, with an intent to make war on King Oeneus, and to take from him his Daughter. Hercules was then in Calcedonia, and oftentimes he was with Dejanira in gracious conferences. He found her ſo well addreſſed in all honeſt manners, that all the day he was moſt part with her, in the night he did nought but dream and think on her: howbeit he ſaid nothing that concerned his amorous deſires, willing firſt to ſhew them his power in Arms. It hapned on a day he opened a win-

dow

dow that was by the Garden of Dejanira, and caſting his eyes down he ſaw Dejanira, that ſate upon a green place, accompanied with many Ladies and Gentlewomen. Then he ſet all his mind to contemplate the exceſſive beauty of her. After he deſired her, ſaying, O Dejanira thou that haſt not the prerogative to know the hearts and thoughts of men, if I ſhould ſay to thee the tenth part of the Love and deſire I have to thee, thou couldſt not believe it. I have gone many a Country, and ſeen many a Realm, and many a Treaſure, I have deſired many a thing. But of all, to come to my wiſhed bliſs, I was never in ſo great thought as I am for to get your Love. The ſame hour that Hercules ſpake by himſelf, Dejanira was not idle: ſhe had Hercules in her remembrance, and in her heart, then being rich in the points of Love ſown between variations of hope and deſpair, ſhe was ſurprized in all her veins with the heat of that fire that burneth amorous hearts. This fire was hard to quench, or to cover the right piercing ſparkle. She lay down then upon the graſs and began to ſay in her mind; Alas, Hercules, what ſhall Dejanira do? ſhe cannot come to attain your Love, I was wont not to deign to behold a man, and then ſaid, that neither Prince nor King ſhould have my Love. Now am I in another mind, and deſire no other thing, but that I ſhould be your Wife, I had ſuppoſed to have remained and continued a pure Virgin, and I only was diſdainer of men, contrary to the requeſts and admonitions of the Ladies: theſe be now far other tydings. With theſe words ſhe ceaſed a little, and began to think on many other things. At this point as ſhe thought on Hercules, and Hercules on her, tydings came thither, that Achelous was coming to beſiege the City, by land and by ſea, and that he was very near. For theſe tydings aroſe in the Palace a great murmuring, that came to the ears of Hercules and of Dejanira: their ſpirits were troubled in ſuch faſhion, that Hercules left to behold Dejanira, and then ſhe left to think on Hercules, and both went to the King Oeneus.

Anon as Hercules came unto the King, the King ſaw him, and ſaid to him, that his enemies were very near the City. Hercules anſwered joyouſly, that it behoveth to go feaſt them: and willed that he put his people in arms. At this anſwer of Hercules, the King did ſound to Arms, and with his ſound all Calcedonia

cedonia was moved and each man made him ready, Hercules and his Greeks were ready in a little space. The Calcedonians assembled by great companies in the Palace. When they were assembled, the King and Hercules brought them into the field, and Hercules put them in order; that done he did cause them to march, the Calcedonians and Greeks, and each party approached so nigh, that there was nothing to do but to smite. Hercules made two battalians, the first with his people, the other with Calcedonians. When they came to the point to meet, Hercules went to the Calcedonians, and in the presence of the King, said to them, Loe here ye may se your enemies that set little by you, for they come in to your Lordship to assail you, I pray you that the great courage of them abate not your courage. Ye ought herein to have the fierceness of a Lion, the puissance of an Elephant, and be greedy as a Griffon, to deliver you without end, from the fierce enmity of the King Achelous, in keeping your Country, your Dominion, your Honour, your Treasures, your Wives, your Children, and that more is, your lives. Be ye then studious to do well, be ye enflamed with desire or vengeance, be ye covetous of glory. If ye shew not your selves valiant at this time, ye may not have any thing but beggary, or servitude to death: for your enemies will do unto you all the evil they can, if they have victory over you. These words wrought in the hearts of the Calcedonians, and gave them marvellous courage. And all they with good will desired the battel. When Hercules had finished his exhortation, he went to the battel: for it was come to the point to fight. Then there were great cries on the one side and on the other, Tabors, Trumpets, Clarions, Harness and Weapons, began to sound: Knights began to stir at the entry of the battel. Hercules and the Greeks shot, and drew largely upon their enemies, and made Achelous, abashed, forasmuch as he hoped not to have found so great resistance with the Calcedonians. Then they cast their eyes upon the Banner of Hercules, and seeing the great Lion that was painted therein, they began to imagine that there might be Hercules, of whom was spoken throughout the World, for his vertues, and his strength.

When they were thus imagining, the shot failed, with great slaughter of the party of Achelous. When the shot was so failed,

ed, Hercules took his Sword and went up and down among them of Achaja, that were in the feaſt front of the battel of Achelous, and there made an hole ſo great, that the Calcedonians and the Iconians won upon them at the firſt joyning, and made the other party go back, whereof Achelous had great ſorrow: he took to him twenty Knights, which were choſen and came and ranged with them there, where Hercules ſcattered and brake the battel of the Achajans. There he approved his courage luſtily. Now this ſtrong Gyant and his Horſemen fought valiantly, but the Greeks and Herculs dyed their Swords with their blood, and the ſtrife was ſo great, that men might ſee nothing elſe but heads and arms fly in the field. Hercules ſmote no ſtroke but it was the death of one of his enemies. Achelous in like manner ſtroke for ſtroke, ſmote down one of the Iconians. The reſidue of their folk did the beſt they could, yet could not the Achajans confound and put back their adverſaries, howbeit they were always four againſt one: and the Iconians were in great number, and they had always freſh ſupplies ſent them. In this manner the two puiſſants fought together more than four hours. Love wrought ſore there, in Hercules and in Achelous, both of them made their Swords to flouriſh covered with blood. They met oftentimes and ſmote each other, but never durſt Achelous abide before the Sword of Hercules, for the horrible ſtrokes that he ſaw Hercules give, but he put him in the preſs as ſoon as he had angred him.

In this battel, Hercules performed wonders, and Oeneus took a great pleaſure to behold him: but the Achajans had therein diſpleaſure, for they that ſaw him, were no more aſſured to eſcape the death than he that feeleth the ſword in the hand of a Tyrant. There received no man a ſtroke of him, but he abode in the place; he made ſo great a ſlaughter that no man can well write it. In the end King Oeneus with all his Calcedonians came to the battel: in his coming the Achajans received loſs upon loſs, and peril upon peril. The King Oeneus made many of his enemies to dye. Hercules ſhewed his puiſſance more and more: by his well doing he put the Achajans all out of array, and after unto flight, and the loſs of the field turned greatly unto the damage of King Achelous: for Hercules chaſed him ſhamefully into his ſhips, and made him to loſe twelve thouſand Achajans.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How Hercules put to the worst the King Achelous, and how he espoused Dejanira.

AFter this victory, when Hercules saw that King Achelous saved himself by the Sea, he called King Oeneus, and said he would pursue his Enemy, and deliver the world of him: after which an hundred of his chosen men took leave of the King Oeneus, and went to Sea, following after Achelous, recommending him to George, and Dejanira. In the Night, Oeneus after the departing of Hercules returned into Calcedonia, and told his Wife and his Daughters, the high prowess that Hercules had done in the battel, how he had chased his Enemies and gone after with two hundred men. The Ladies George and Dejanira were right joyfull of the victory, but it grieved them sore that Hercules with so little a company pursued Achelous: and above all other Dejanira was greatly vexed at the enterprize of Hercules, so sore that she went into her Chamber, and was constrained to weep, and not to have joy in heart until the return of Hercules. Now to return unto the purpose touching Hercules, when he was put to the pursuit of Achelous, he entred into his Realm and followed him so nigh, that he was constrained to withdraw himself into a strong Castle standing by the Sea, Hercules besieged Achelous in his Castle. When Achelous saw that Hercules pursued him with so little a company, as with two hundred men only, he called his leaders of his men, and among other things told them, that it was a shame to suffer themselves to be besieged with so little a number of people. They answered he said truth: and concluded the same hour to issue out, and raise the siege, and forthwith they sounded to arms with short counsel. It was not long after that they issued out of the Castle, but Hercules espying them, knew that they came to the battel, he set his men in array, and went alone to his enemies, as he that doubted nothing. When Achelous saw him come, he began to make a great fight, and cryed unto his people upon him: saying that it was he with the Club that had chased him out of Calcedonia, and promised great gifts unto them that belaboured him with strokes. But when his folk knew

that

that it was Hercules, they made courteſie each to other to go before, and trembling as the leaf on a Tree, they durſt not abide the weight of his Club: but without ſmiting of any ſtroke turned their backs, and fled unto the Caſtle.

Achelous ſeeing the behaviour of his folk, and the fear that they had of Hercules, thought that he ſhould have dyed for ſorrow: ſo he went and entred again with them into the Caſtle. And Hercules returned with his people, laughing at the poor dealing of his enemies. Hercules began to think on Dejanira, and Achelous began to imagine how he might annoy the Calcedonians: he had there one of his Captains, that ſaid unto him: Sir, ye know well that your ſtrength, may not compare unto the ſtrength of your enemies: We are ten againſt one, but that may nothing help us: for the mighty Gyant that is with them, is enough to bury us all, and deſtroy your Realm. Conſider ye then, ſince it is ſo that open puiſſance and plain ſtrength may not be uſed at this time, it is expedient to imagine ſome ſubtilty, to grieve the Calcedonians, and it is my advice that there ſhall be made a great flaming light in the Sea, ſuch as I ſhall well deviſe, ſo as by that means they that have beſieged us may be deceived lightly. This flaming light muſt be by night, and it ſhall be great and forcible: we will make it ſecretly: as ſoon as our enemies ſhall ſee it, they will leap out of their Tents and go unto the Sea to ſee the marvel, peradventure without any Arms, for they dread us not, and then we will ſet on them, and ſhall find them unfurniſhed and unprovided of their Arms, and conſequently it may enſue, that of them all we ſhall make a notable riddance.

When Achelous heard this counſel, it ſeemed to him good, and he would that it were effected in ſuch manner as he had deviſed. The deviſor did make an hundred Torches, which were finiſhed in fifteen days. During theſe fifteen days, Hercules aſſailed many times the Caſtle, where Achelous was, but he might never do any thing thereto, for the Fortreſs ſtood upon the Sea, and in a ſtrong Countrey, and could not be gotten by aſſault, and Achelous could have ſuccours from no part: for, between this Caſtle and Achaja was a great Countrey. When the fifteen days were paſſed and the Torches were made, on a night when it was peaceable from wind and ſtorm, they that

carried the Torches issued out of the Castle, four of them unto the Haven, where was left but one little Boat which was on ground, and had not long time before put to the Sea. And if he demand where the Ships were become that Achelous brought to this Port, I say that Hercules had caused to take them, and sent them to the Sea, to the intent that Achelous, should not escape him, nor take away the Ships by night. The Achajans then came to this little Boat lying on the ground, and plyed them that they brought in afloat on the Sea, as secretly as they could, and entred therein, with all that to them was necessary. King Achelous, put himself in ambushment with a thousand of his men nigh unto the place where he thought the Calcedonians would go out to see the light that should be made. And when they that were in the Sea, knew that it was time to light their Torches, they set them on fire, and put them round about the Mast, wherein were made as many holes, as there was Torches. And so as they imagined, they did. The Knights that kept the watch of the host of Hercules saw it, and sore marveling at this light, awakened Hercules and their fellows, and shewed them the light. As soon as Hercules saw the brightness of the Torches, he would know what it was: and then approached the bank of the Sea, and his company with him, and had not been long there, when King Achelous did cause to light an hundred Torches that he had provided, and after he issued out of his ambushment with his thousand men, and ran upon Hercules, and assailed him and all his men fiercely. But when Hercules saw them discover themselves, he set his people in order in the best manner he could, by the light of the Stars, and received his enemies courageously, where began a right dolorous battel: for the one smote upon the other very furiously, and there were many wounded and dead. The skirmish was great, Achelous thought to come at unawares, but he was valiantly resisted, and lost many of his men; and Hercules met Achelous, and smote him on the Helm, that he foundred, and it gave him a wound on his head, that the blood gushed out: and moreover, he took him, and delivered him to twelve of his men to keep. There were great cryes, and great abundance of strokes of Swords. Then were the Torches quenched, and put out by the force of the smiting of the Achajans, which desired greatly to rescue their

King:

King: and ſo they abandoned their lives in the heat. But when their Torches were quenched, by little and little, they began to cool them, and withdraw them, for they ſaw nothing at all. When they were withdrawn, Hercules, aſſembled his folk, and ſaid to them, That he would aſſail to take the Caſtle, and that they ſhould follow him hardily and fiercely: and anon, when he ſaw his enemies return unto the Caſtle, he ran after and ſtayed them, and put himſelf in the thickeſt of them, ſmiting with his Club on the right ſide and on the left, he made a right large place. And by this way he led his people unto the Gate of the Caſtle, where he entred with them that fled, and there made ſo great a ſlaughter of his enemies, that with little reſiſtance, the ſame night he put to death twelve hundred, and the other fled into the City of Petrace, from whence they were. In this battle, and the battle that had been in Calcedonia, all the men of Achaja were ſlain, except four hundred which ſaved themſelves by flight. For Achelous had taken all his men with him, his Countrey and his City Petrace, was all deſtroyed. When Hercules had taken the Caſtle, afterward he went into the City of Petrace: and entring into all places without reſiſtance. he ſet this Realm into the hands of King Oeneus, and he tarried not long after he had ſubduedthis Realm, but returned, as haſtily as he might, to ſee Dejanira: and there he was received with ſo great glory, joy and triumph, that no man can rehearſe nor write.

The Poets report this conqueſt that Hercules made upon Achelous, feigning that Achelous fought firſt in likeneſs of a man: and being vanquiſhed, he after changed himſelf into a Serpent. This is to be underſtood, in ſubtilneſs and in malice, as he did in aſſailing Hercules by night. To conclude, he fought in the likeneſs of a Bull, and Hercules brake one of his horns: that is to be underſtood, that at laſt Achelous was as fierce as a Bull, for pride and ſorrow that he was taken: and Hercules brake his horn, that is to be underſtood, he brake and deſtroyed his Realm.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Nessus took Dejanira from Hercules, when he passed with her over the River: and how Hercules slew Nessus with an Arrow.

GReat was the feast that King Oeneus made for the victories that Hercules had atchieved, upon King Achelous: for he feared him passing sore. Hercules at his coming presented to him Achelous and his Realm, and said to him, that he should have it without any denial. The King Oeneus sent King Achelous into exile, and acknowledged himself greatly beholding to Hercules, whom he honoured marvellously. Then Hercules took to his heart again amorous conceits: in like manner did Dejanira, she had soveraign joy to see Hercules, and desired none other thing. Not to be tedious, when Hercules had been there a space, he required King Oeneus that he would give him his daughter to wife. Oeneus agreed, and according to him, and Dejanira consented with better will. The Wedding was solemnized pompously, and then went to bed and lay together. Soon after, when Hercules saw that his Father in law had his Realm in peace, he took leave of the King Oeneus, and departed from Calcedonia, with Dejanira and his people, to go by land into his Realm of Iconia. Hercules had always in his journey Dejanira by him: he loved her exceedingly, and had great solace in her beauty: and if he had not studied with Atlas, he could not have abstained him from beholding her beauty. In passing the time pleasantly, in the manner that folk do that be new Married, Hercules journied so far, that he came to a quarter of Thessaly, where the River of Hebenus runneth, and arrived on this River, which was deep and broad, running impetuously, and had neither bridge nor plank to pass over, but there was a Centaure named Nessus, that spent there his life, by the means of a little Boat, in which he carried the people over the River.

When Hercules had found this Nessus, he came to him, and demanded of him how he and his folk might pass the River: Nessus knew Hercules since the time he had vanquished his fellows at the Wedding of Pyrothus, answered that he might not pass the River, but by his little Boat. And if he would pass,

he

he would with good will do him the pleaſure to ſet him over. Hercules thanked Neſſus, for as much as he ſaw that the boat was but little, and the time was diſpoſed to rain, he would that Dejanira and her Damoſels ſhould paſs firſt. Dejanira and her Maidens entred into the Boat. Neſſus rowed, and in the rowing he beheld Dejanira, and looked on her ſo much, that her beauty raviſhed him. For as ſoon as he was come over on the other ſide, he told Dejanira, ſhe ſhould be his Wife, and catching hold on her, he took her on his ſhoulders, and bare her away: wherefore Dejanira and her Damoſels made great cryes. Hercules ſeing that the old Gyant bare away Dejanira, which he would reſiſt to his power, bent his Bow, and ſhot an Arrow upon the Gyant, with ſo great cunning, that he ſmote him on the right ſide unto the heart, and gave him his deaths wound. The Bow of Hercules, was ſo great and ſtrong, that no man could bend it but himſelf. Neſſus by the wound that Hercules gave him, began to feel the approaching of Death, and to ſuffer ſharp anguiſh, he ran a great while after unto a Valley, where he fell down, and conſidering that his life had no recovery, he employed the end of it, to imagine how he might do diſpleaſure to Hercules, calling to remembrance, that he had a moſt terrible and mortal poyſon about him, he ſaid to Dejanira in great malice: Fair Lady, the Love of you hath cauſed me to receive the death, which diſpleaſeth me not ſo much, as that Hercules ſhall enjoy you, who deſerve a far worthier man. Hercules is no true Husband, but the unfaithfulleſt to his Wife that ever was. Forasmuch as I have ſingular pity of you, and your beauty conſtraineth me to do you pleaſure, I will give you here a precious thing, it having ſuch vertue, that if you boyl it with one of the ſhirts of Hercules with the blood that runneth out of my wound, and give the ſhirt to Hercules, that he wear it, he ſhall never after Love any other woman nor Lady but you.

And with theſe words the Gyant took the poyſon, and tempered it with his blood, and wound it in a linnen Cloath, and gave it to Dejanira. The fooliſh Dejanira giving credit to the words of the Gyant, took the poyſon. The Gyant charged her, that no man ſhould touch it bare; ſaying then it would loſe its virtue after the touching; and with that, he gave up the Ghoſt, and dyed pitiouſly, ſo Dejanira eſcaping ſafely from his hands: purpoſed

poſed that ſhe would keep that poyſon ſecretly at all adventure, to help her ſelf, if it were need. While theſe things paſſed between Dejanira and the Gyant, Hercules was much perplexed for Dejanira. As ſoon as he had ſmitten him on the right ſide with his Arrow, he uncloathed himſelf, and caſt his Gown, his Harneſs, and Club, over the Water, by his great ſtrength, and leaping in, ſwam over unto the other ſide, then as he put on his rayment, Dejanira (again accompanied with her Damoſels) came to the River, furniſhed with that venemous poyſon. When Hercules ſaw Dejanira return, he imagined that he had ſlain the Gyant, and demanded where the Traitor was. Dejanira anſwered not at firſt to this his demand, but ſaid unto him: Alas my Lord, in what peril have I been? What oppreſſion? What deſpair of joy hath oppreſſed my heart? The traches of mine Arms where yet is ſeen the print of the hands of the Gyant, ſhew in what diſpleaſure I have been: The curſed glutton Gyant bare me unto the depth of a deep valley, where death approaching by the ſtroke of your Arrow, made him to fall down, and he would never let me go until the laſt ſight of death. Surely I have ſuffered a great jeopardy, but thanks be to the Gods, ſince I have found you again, I am ſufficiently avenged of mine enemy whom I have ſeen dye miſerably.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Hercules fought againſt Hydra, the Serpent of the Moor Lerna, and ſlew him.

HErcules and Dejanira having kiſſed each other, Hercules went unto the place where the Gyant lay dead, and foraſmuch as he found him deprived of life, he let him lie there to the beaſts and birds, and took his Arrow that lay by him. This was the Arrow that Achilles was ſlain with after in the Temple of Phœbus in Troy, for the love of Polixene. Then Hercules and Dejanira came again to the River, and Hercules ſet over his men, and went from that place to the City of Lerna. The King of the City did great honour to Hercules, receiving him as honourably as he could. Among divers talk, Hercules demanded tydings of him. The King anſwered, That he knew no other, but that in a great place there abode a monſter, half a man, and

half

half a Serpent, that murthered many of his Realm. For he ſaid, that all the men, women, and children this monſter can find, he ſlayeth with his tail that is enbenomed, with his claws and teeth deſtroying and devouring all. And ſo it will come to paſs that this Countrey will be deſolate, for neither Labourers or Merchants dare go by, with leſs company than two hundred men: and if they be leſs, the Monſter aſſaileth them, like as he hath done many others.

Hercules was paſſing glad and joyful of theſe tydings, and ſaid to the King: Sir, I have laboured hitherto for the Common weal of many Realms, and yet have I the will to perſevere, and do the works of vertue. Know ye then, ſince I am here arrived, I will do ſomewhat for the weal of this Country, as I have done for many other. And I have intention to morrow to do my uttermoſt endeavour to travel towards the monſter, to abide the adventure of vanquiſhing him, or to be vanquiſhed of him. This Monſter was called Hydra, forasmuch as he dewelled in the Waters. When Dejanira heard the enterprize of Hercules, that he would go alone, and abandon himſelf in ſo great peril, ſhe began to weep, and make ſo great ſorrow, that no man could appeaſe her, nor make her ſtint her weeping. Hercules, comforted her the beſt he could, ſo did Atlas and Philotes, and ſhewed her the glorious deeds of Hercules, to give her hope in this adventure. But all could not avail, ſhe ſo loved Hercules with all her heart and might. She required him with her eyes charged full of tears, that he would abſtain from ſo high an enterprize, ſaying, that it was no wiſdom for a man to expoſe himſelf to ſo eminent dangers, and that God had ſent the Monſter into the Country, to correct and chaſtiſe the people. Notwithſtanding Hercules was very ardently in love with her: yet her tears that ſhe wept, nor her prayers nor her reaſons, could cauſe Hercules to break his purpoſe, nor leave off the adventure. But early in the morning he cloathed him, and departed from Lerna, and took his way towards the Wood, wherein was the Monſter.

This Wood was long, and three Miles in compaſs, as the Chronicles of Spain rehearſe, and all environed with Fountains that ſprang out of the high Mountains. In the midſt of this Plain was a great Lake wherein dwelled the Hydra or dry-

dry land. When Hercules was come unto this place, the Hydra that never slept with both eyes, had always the neck outstretched on high, and the ear open, espying him, suddenly came against him running with great force. Hercules abode, when he espied the marvellous Monster, and had great pleasure to see him: He was ten foot high, and had as long a tail: he was foul and covered with hair: He had his body armed, and his right hand held a naked Sword, and in his left he carried a Shield. Hercules thus beholding him, suffered him to come to him. Then the Monster spake to him, and said, Poor Gyant, whither goest thou? Behold this Sword, sharply on both sides cutting: yet was there never man that heard me speak, but he dyed by the point of this Sword. Forasmuch as I am the wisest Creature that ever Nature made, I am accustomed to make a question to such men as I find, and then destroy them if they cannot answer thereto. I find in my Realm people dull as beasts, without understanding, and have therefore destroyed their blood, so will I do thine, if thou canst not assoyl a Sophism that I shall make unto thee. O thou man Serpentine, (said Hercules) thine Eloquence, thy Prudence, thy cruel Sword, foul and polluted with infinite homicides, make me nothing abashed nor discourageth me: I sought thee, and am come hither to destroy thee. And I will not only assoyl one of thy Sophisms, but as many as thou canst devise: and know, That if by force of my wit, I assoyl thy Sophisms and fallacious arguments, I will do to thee like as thou shouldest do to me: and if it happen that thy science may not overcome me, yet defend thee with arms, and that thou keep thy life as well as thou canst.

With these words, the Monster made unto Hercules seven Sophisms one after another, all fallacious and subtil: Then when Hercules had given solution to one, the Monster replyed by seven arguments. Yet Hercules full of Philosophy, and expert in all Sciences, made answer so substantially to all his fallacious Arguments, that he set him at a Non-plus. For this cause the Poets feign this Hydra had seven heads, as it appeareth in the first Tragedy of Seneca, and say, that when Hercules had smitten off one of the heads, seven other heads came again in the same place. In the end then to pursue this matter, when Hercules had so disputed, the Serpent yielded to Hercules in such

ſuch wiſe as he wiſt not what to ſay. Hercules ſaid unto him: Serpent inhumane, we have fought long enough with the tongue. Take thy Sword, I may no longer withhold my hand from ſmiting thee, and aſſay if thou be as ſubtil in arms, as thou art in language. Poor fool, ſaid the Serpent (which was full of Pride) knoweſt not thou, that by my part Serpentine, I have infected all this Country? And I will this day drink thy blood, and devour thy body: wherefore make watch, and keep thee well.

Without more words Hercules enhaunſed his Sword, for to have ſmitten his adverſary, but he could not ſo ſoon haſt him, but the Serpent gave him firſt two ſtrokes, one with his Sword, and the other with his tail, wherewith he had almoſt ſmitten him down to the ground. Yet Hercules, abode ſtanding, and with his Sword lifted up, he ſmote the Monſter upon the Helm with ſuch ſtrength, that he cruſhed the Helm, and made him a wound in the head. At this ſtroke the Serpent was full of fury, and with his Sword ſmote Hercules the ſecond time upon the helm, that the ſparkles and the fire flew out, and the Helm was broken, &c.

Hercules that never before had received ſo great a ſtroke, promiſed him that he would revenge it, and ſmote him right angerly. Their ſtrokes were great and deadly, they ſmote each at other long, and they were both of them of great courage. But when fortune had enough cheriſhed them both, ſhe turned againſt the Serpent ſo earneſtly, that after many ſtrokes, Hercules ſmote his Sword within the Helm into his head, and bare him dead unto the earth.

Hercules rejoyced greatly, when he ſaw the Monſter put to the foyl, and went for to fetch the King of Lerna, with Dejanira, and his folk and brought them to ſee the Monſter. When he had ſhewed them the Monſter, he made a great fire and burned it. Wherefore there were given unto him great praiſes. He was brought to the City of Lerna, with great glory of Ladies and of Gentlewomen, who conveyed him unto the Kings Palace ſinging melodiouſly. Dejanira then rejoyced greatly in the triumphant victory of her noble Husband. When Hercules had tarried there a while, he departed thence, and went to Athens, where Theſeus received him gloriouſly. Then Hercules

and Atlas held School in Athens, for as much as they of Athen were quick of wit, and gave themselves all to learn Sciences There they were a great while, introducing and informing them of Athens in Philosophy, but especially in Astronomy. Atlas profited in such wise that the Students there said, he sustained and bare the Heavens on his shoulders; O noble vertuous man. When Hercules had spent some time there, and studied so long that his Doctrine had given light unto the Athenians, he departed from thence with great bemoaning, and brought his Wife unto the City of Lycia. And there was so greatly renowned, that from all the Realms of Greece, there came daily to him Noblemen and others, to profit in Vertue, Nobleness, Honour, Arms, Philosophy, Astronomy, and all other Perfections.

CHAP. XIX.

How Hercules went into Spain and fighting on the Sea, vanquished, and King Gerion, and took the City of Megidda.

ABout the time that Hercules flourished in virtue, and his Name was born from Realm to Realm by glorious Renown as the Chronicles of Spain rehearse, there was a King of the City of Megidda, that standeth upon the River of Gaudian, that through his Tyrannical dealings, began to make his name have a great report, by many tyrannies, that no man could tell the third part. This Tyrant was named Gerion, he was King of Andalocie, and Destremadure, and also of the Mountains of Galicia, and Portugal. The Poets feign, of this Tyrant, that he had three heads, forasmuch as he had two Brethren, great Giants, which were all of one Nature, and complexion and they were so united together, that all that the one would, the other would: they were never in discord. Gerion was the worst of all. He caused to be made a Temple in the City of Megidda, and ordained all they that were Noble should there have there Image and Sepulture: and that men should make the remembrances of all the men of note that he should slay, to the end, there should be a memory of them hereafter. Thus he and his Brethren tyrannized, not only over strangers, but his neighbours, and pitied no man, insomuch that he got him an evil

vil name: And the Africans whom they perſecuted more than any, went and complained to Hercules, by Affers command, as to the only deſtroyer of Tyrants and Monſters, and requeſted him, to deliver them out of that Tribulation. When Hercules underſtood the complaint of the Africans, and was advertiſed of the Tyranny that Gerion and his Brethren uſed, He deſigned to go into Heſperie, and promiſed to the Africans, that they ſhould have ſhortly tydings of him. And asked them of the ſtate of King Affer. And when they had told all that they knew, the returned with great joy into their country. Hercules from thenceforth, diſpoſed him to go into Heſperie, wherefore his Wife Dejanira made great ſorrow. The renown of this voyage was ſpread in all the Countrey. In ſhort time there came more men of Arms into Lycia, to ſerve Hercules than he ſent for. He was ſo good, bountiful, wiſe and valiant, that he gave away all his ſpoils, wherefore every man would follow him, for no man ſerved him, but he rewarded and enriched him in wealth and happineſs. When his Army was ready, he took leave of Dejanira, and departed out of the Realm of Lycia. Many a tear was ſhed at his departing, as well of Dejanira, as of his Scholars that learned of him. Theſeus and Hiſpan, Atlas and Philotes were with him. During this voyage, he ſtudied oftimes with Atlas, and was never Idle, without doing ſomewhat that ought to be remembred. He arrived in Africk, where he found Affer, who received him worſhipfully. From Africk Hercules paſſed by the ſtrait of Gibralter and went into the Gades, that now we call Galicia, and peopled the Countrey, forasmuch as he found there good land, and delivered this people unto a noble man named Philiſtines. This Philiſtines, as Boccace rehearſeth in the Genealogie of Gods, was ſon of King Agenor, Son of King Belus. Philiſtines then reigned in Galicia, and was after named the Prieſt of Hercules; for when Hercules had vanquiſhed the Tyrants of Heſperie, he founded there a Temple, which he held after in great reverence. Always as Hercules peopled and inhabited this land, he did cauſe to be made Pillars or Columns high and marvellous great, and ſet them upon the Sea: and upon every Pillar or Column, he made an image of hard ſtone in the likeneſs of Hercules, clad with the skin of a Lion. And one of the Images held a Table, wherein

was written with letters of Gold. Pass no further to seek land, nor go to conquer further any Realms in the West, for thou shalt find no more Land, &c.

The noble Hercules went then into the Country, where standeth now the City of Sivil, which was not then founded, and found by his science, that there should be builded a City of great renown: in memory thereof, he set up in that place a pillar of hard stones, and thereupon set an Image holding in his hand written, There should be made one of the greatest Cities in the world. This Land of Galicia appertained to Gerion. Then when Hercules had made this pillar, and set it whereas now standeth Sivil; he had a great desire to begin to build the City, for the Countrey was very good and commodious: But Atlas by the science of Astronomy, counselled him to the contrary, shewing him by certain signs that it was by destiny that another should build the City. And therefore nigh the Pillar, he made a Column of white Marble, upon which stood the Image of Hercules great and rich, that held one hand against the East, wherein was written: Here hath been Hercules. And with the other hand he shewed the writing that the other Image held.

These things accomplished, Hercules departed from thence, and left to Inhabit and kéep the Country eight hundred men of his, of the Country of Scythia, that were strong and expert in Arms, and with good will they abode there, because the Country was plentiful. Then went Hercules, by the banks of the Sea, into the last and furthermost part of Europe, and sailed so far that he entred into the River of Guadiana, where the Tyrant Gerion dwelled, and abode in the City of Megidda. The same time that Hercules entred into the River, Gerion, went up to the top of an high Tower, where he might sée all about the Countrey, to espye if any person came, upon whom he might exercise his Tyranny: He had not been long there, when he beheld the River, and saw the Army of Hercules: And séing this Army, he had great joy, for he thought in all hast he should overcome them. Without other delay, he assembled his complices, and sounded to Arms. Within a little while all his men that were ready with Arms, came unto him to know what he would: When Gerion was armed, and ready to go to the battel,

he

he declared to his people his intention. Then entring into his Galley as haſtily as he could, he went to Megidda, approaching toward the Greeks. Thus rowing forth, it hapned that he met a little Boat: And from as far as he ſaw it coming, he went againſt it, and arreſted it. In this Boat were no more than two Marriners and Hiſpan. Gerion then called Hiſpan, and demanded of him whither he went, and what he was? Truly ſir, anſwered Hiſpan I am a Greek, and have intention to go to the King Gerion, that is now in his City of Megidda, to diſpatch a meſſage I am charged with. Meſſenger (ſaid the King) if ye ſeek Gerion, ye need go no further, for I am he, whom ye ſpeak unto. Sir (anſwered Hiſpan) ſince that you be he to whom my meſſage appertaineth, I let you have knowledge in the name of the vertuous Hercules, that he is an enemy to your vices: and to correct your great and abominable treſpaſſes, he is come into your Dominion. Meſſenger (anſwered Gerion) how is Hercules ſo preſumptuous as to take upon him to come and correct my Vices? He knows little with whom he hath to do: go tell him, that he ſhall find me, but it ſhall be too ſoon for his health, and that I will feaſt him in ſuch wiſe ere he eſcape me, as I have been accuſtomed to feaſt ſtrangers. Hiſpan departed with theſe words, and returned to Hercules, and told him word for word what Gerion had ſaid unto him: moreover he ſaid, he would meet with him ſpeedily, prepared and ready to begin the battel. When Hiſpan had finiſhed his meſſage, the Galleyes of King Gerion appeared and were ſeen from far. Hercules and the Greeks had great joy and began a loud ſhouting, in ſounding Trumpets, Fifes, and Tabours. Gerion and his folk ſeeing and hearing their Enemies, they likewiſe began to ſhout, and make a marvellous great noiſe. The Air was filled with a great and joyful noiſe In this outragious noiſe, the two Hoſts approached each other. At their encountring was not ſpared Darts, round ſtones, nor Arrows. They of Heſperie had abundance of Darts, which they uſed and caſt on the Greeks, as if it had been rain. The cryes redoubled on the one ſide, and on the other: ſo that there were many ſlain and hurt. They were all men of War: each man bare him valiantly, and amongſt all other, Hercules having his Bow in hand, ſlew as many enemies, as he ſhot Arrows. The ſhot dured long. When it failed, they fought hand

hand to hand. Then began the battel to be eager and hard. Gerion shewed himself boisterous, and expert in arms, and put to death many Greeks, but for one that he slew, Hercules slew ten of the Hesperians.

At the encounter of the Galleys where were many hurt, Hercules took his Club, and smiting one of the Galleys, that thought to have grapled and boarded his Galley, he made it cleave in sunder, and the water came in so suddenly that the most part of them in that Galley, were drowned, without engaging. After this, Hercules came to another Galley, and there did marvels: all that he hit with his Club were dead, or sore hurt. Some he brained, and of others he brake legs and arms. It seemed to thunder with him: he did so beskir him, that each man fled from him, and there was no man that withstood him, or durst abide him: When he saw this, he put himself forth to exploit great affairs. Leaping from Galley to Galley, and made so great slaughters, that his people by his good example abounded in valour and puissance, and the Hesperians diminished: and had so much damage that all things went against them. Gerion considering, that fortune was his Enemy, sounded a retreat, and left the battel.

CHAP. XX.

How Gerion assail d Hercules the second time, before Pegidda, how Hercules slew his brethren, vanquished, and constrained Gerion to flee.

When Hercules saw his enemies busie to withdraw, he sounded the retreat, forasmuch as it was near night, and also because he had enclosed the Galleys of Gerion, that they might not return into the City without passing by him. When the two Armies were withdrawn, Gerion in the darkest of the night, Shipped and went into the City of Valeritia, whereof one of his Brethren was King, and put him there in safety, in purpose to make the greatest Army that he could to come upon Hercules. Hercules after the retreat, anchored his Galleys upon the River

River of Gaudiana, and passed there that night: on the morrow when he saw that Gerion and his folk were fled, and were not upon the Sea within sight, he rowed up unto the City of Megidda, took land and assailed fiercely the City. The assault was eager and sharp, and the Megiddans defended themselves, but they were so disfurnished with men of War, that they could not hold out, but opening the Town to the Greeks yielded to Hercules. Thus was Hercules Lord of the principal City that Gerion had, he entred into it, and the Greeks with him. The City was well provided with victual. So that since they departed out of Greece, they found no where so good Fortune. Hercules held him there a space of time, searching in what place he might find Gerion. During these things he went unto the Temple, to thank his God. In this Temple were many Sepultures, garnished with very fair marvellous Histories. Among other, there was one passing rich: for the remembrance of Gerion, of fine gold, environed with thirty Kings, whose heads were smitten off. Hercules abode at this Sepulture, and demanded of the Citizens wherefore served the Statues and Images so rich. A Citizen said to him, That they were the Sepultures of the Noble men of their Realm, and that King Gerion had brought up that custom to make these Sepultures, to have remembrance of them that were valiant in Arms. Furthermore (said that same man) as soon as in this Countrey a man hath put a Noble man to death, then he maketh a remembrance of that dead man upon his Sepulture. And forasmuch as King Gerion in his time hath slain thirty Kings, he caused this Sepulture to be made which you see, meaning to be buried here in the end of his days. When Hercules heard this, that the Citizen said, he answered, He held himself happy he had escaped the Sword of such a Tyrant, that put so many Kings to death, and made his Prayers to his God: After this he returned to the Palace, and there came to him the Messenger of King Gerion: who by the power of his Master, commanded him to avoid the City, and the Realm, or else make good watch. Hercules answered, That he was entred into the Realm, and into the City, with strength of arms, and he would not go out thereof, until one had taken from him his Sword by force of Arms, or until the time that he put the Countrey in obedience.

The Messenger returned from Megidda, with this answer to Gerion, who was with his two Brethren: they took the words of Hercules impatiently, and sware they would avenge them of him. To be short, they went to the Sea with a great Army.

They rowed and sailed with all their strength unto Megidda: the Wind and Fortune suffered them in few days, to arrive at the Port: and Hercules was advised of their coming, who suffered them to take land, and let them rest that day: they were fifty thousand men. When they landed, it was late, and seeing the Greeks made no defence at their landing, they said one to another, That they durst not come forth and fight them. Thinking all to have won advantage, thereupon concluded, That on the morrow they would assail the City very early. Upon this conclusion, Gerion and his Brethren considered of things appertaining to the Assault, menacing greatly Hercules and his Greeks who were then in Megidda, thinking likewise on their affairs; not only in the intention to defend them from their enemies, but to issue out the day following, to assail them by Battel, as soon as the night passed. A little before the Sun rising, on the morrow, Hercules made two battalions. In the first, he put a thousand fighting men, and conducted them. In the second he put the residue of his Army, and made Theseus Captain, of them. After this, when he had very well trained his people and set them in good order, he admonished them to do their endeavour, and minded them of certain things, but could not finish his speech: For that same time, Gerion and his brethren, with their folk, made their approaches to assail the City, and made so great noise, that all about it redounded.

When Hercules heard this uproar, he opened the Gate, to behold what new things were there. And at the issuing out he saw his enemies hast them to the Forts and Walls, with Ladders and other Engines, fit for an assault. Then he began to laugh in himself, and bade his men follow him: and went straight way forth to begin the skirmish.

When Gerion saw Hercules, he knew him, by the skin of the Lion, and his Club, and shewed him to his Brethren, that marvelled of him, because he came alone upon them. Loe here is our mortal adversarie (said Gerion) he is full of pride, and

setteth

ſetteth little by us: Let us aſſail him all three, and deſtroy him: all the gold in the world ſhall not ſave his life. Hercules with theſe words, came ſo nigh the three Gyants, that he could well ſpeak unto them, and ſaid: Ye evil Tyrants, lay down your weapons: It is now no time to aſſail the City, it behoveth you to diſpoſe you to enter into battel. The battel is ready, begin at me, and I at you, and let us fight together till more come. With theſe words he lifted up his Club and charged the ſtroke ſo ſore upon one of the three Bzethzen, that he caſt his Shield, and all aſtonied bare him to the earth. When Gerion and his other brother, ſaw their brother ſo born down, they ſmote with their Swords upon Hercules, with great fury, and ſo employed their ſtrength, that they brake off part of his Armour. With theſe two ſtrokes of their Swords, Hercules received more than an hundred darts upon his body, howſoever the Swords nor Darts were not ſo hard tempered, that they could pierce the armour of Hercules, nor Hercules left not to work with his Club, but he lift it up on high and ſtroke it upon the ſecond brother of Gerion, ſo luckily, that from the top to the Helm he bruiſed him, and ſmote him to the ground, like as if a great Rock had fall'n on his head.

Gerion was ſore afraid to ſee ſo great a ſtroke, and with a wonderful angry and fierce heat, he laid upon Hercules, and gave him ſo great a ſtroke upon the Helm with his Sword that he made the fire ſpring out: but the Helm was ſo hard that the Sword could not enter. Then was Hercules environed with his enemeis, and was ſmitten in many a place upon his body. The Heſperians deſired ſore to ſee their Swords dyed with the blood of Hercules, but Hercules put himſelf in defence, joyous that he might employ his ſtrength upon them.

And when he proved him thus upon one and other, and would ſuffer none to come nearer than his arm and Club could reach, and that his enemies more and more came about him, Malion, that was Nephew to Ulyſſes iſſued out of Megidda, with a thouſand men of the Army of Hercules. And ſeeing ſo great a company about Hercules, was aſſured that he fought there, he and his people addreſſed them thitherwards, making ſo great a cry, and ſetting on ſo valiantly, that in bearing down all before them, they came and found Hercules, where he had ſlain more

than six hundred of his enemies, and that he feared nothing. They that bare the Scaling-Ladders and other Engines were constrained to cast them down, and go to the battel, which was grievous and hard: and there were many Knights slain. Gerion for his part, bestirred himself terribly: His Brother that was first beaten, after he was carried out of the preſs came unto the field again: and in his coming he made great room among the Greeks, he was strong and puissant, and bare a very heavy Guisarme, the edge of which was three great foot long, he did marvels with this Guisarme, and beat down so many of the Greeks, that the noise arose greatly about him. And this noise and alarm came to the ears of Hercules. Then Hercules left them that he fought with, and as soon as he saw the Gyant, that dealt with the Greeks as he would, not well contented with that Guisarme: he lifted up his Club, and smote the Gyant upon the shoulder, employing his strength in such wise, that the shoulder brake and bare him down to the ground, not fully dead, but in worse estate: for he might not relieve himself, and must needs dye under the feet of the men of Arms very miserably.

At this time Theseus and Hispan, with the residue of the Greeks, came unto the battel very joyfully, and finding their enemies out of array, and without any conduct, they skirmished among them fiercely, and slew so many that all the place was covered. Hispan and Theseus cleft the heads of many Knights: they were expert in feats of arms. At their coming they made their enemies to retire, and wan upon them with so good Fortune, that by their means Gerion lost above thirty thousand men. In short space the battel was such about Hercules, that his enemies knew not where to save them. And Gerion being advertised of the death of his second Brother, turned his back and fled unto the Sea, blowing his horn, anon they endeavoured suddenly to put themselves to flight, and they that could save themselves, saved them without delay. Hercules, Theseus, and Hispan with about twelve hundred Greeks, followed them swiftly: entring into some of their Ships, but had not Mariners so ready, as the other, wherefore they were a little letted.

CHAP

CHAP. XXI.

How Hercules purſued Gerion: and vanquiſhed him, put him to death at the Port of the Corogne.

Then was finiſhed the Battel for this day, to the great loſs and diſhonour of Gerion, and the honour and profit of Hercules. Malion abode in Megidda, by the appointment of Hercules, to keep the Greeks that abode there, and take the ſpoil of their enemies. Hercules on the other ſide ſailed after Gerion, who perceiving him, was ſore afraid, and fled: his flight during three days. Gerion had good Mariners, who kept them warily from boarding the Ship of Hercules. Sailing by the Miditerranean Sea, from Coaſt to Coaſt, now before, and now behind, but the end was ſuch, that on the fourth day they were conſtrained to abide Hercules at the battel upon the Sea, or deſcend to land at the Corogne in Galicia. To flee the death, whereof they were in doubt, they left the Sea, and took the Land at a Port, imagining that they ſhould well defend them againſt Hercules, for they were ten againſt one. As ſoon as they had taken Land at the Port of Corogne, they trained them about the Port to defend the Sea, which was ſtrong to take. And then Gerion warned his men, ſaying: Here is the hour or the day that we muſt dye or obercome our enemies. Fortune hath done us the worſt ſhe can, ſhe was wont to make all ſtrangers tremble before our Swords. Now ſhe maketh us to tremble before a little number of people. Alas what ſhame is this: Since we are at this point, there is no way but to avenge this ſhame. If we avenge us at this time, we ſhall recover our honour. Fortune hath brought us into a very good Port, as if ſhe will raiſe us again, and make us Conquerors of our adverſaries: let us now defend the Port, avenge our blood, avenge our ſorrow, and avenge our damage.

In the mean while that Gerion encouraged thus his folk, Hercules and his company rowed ſo nigh the Port, that they were come to ſtrokes. The Heſperians caſt upon Hercules round ſtones, darts with ſharp Irons on the end, ſpears and ſwords. Againſt this the Greeks took their ſhields and covered them, and put them in devoir, to win the Port. But the caſting of the Heſperi-

ans was so mortal, that it constrained their enemies to abide, and not approach the Port. They had at this Port great abundance of stones. The Hesperians kept well the entry more than three hours, so that the Greeks, could find no way nor means to remedy it. At the end of three hours, Hercules very sorrowful to see his men troubled, thought he would enter into a little Boat, and so adventure himself to win the Port.

Then he that doubted no stroke of any mortal man, entred into a little boat, stearing it himself, with help of the wind, which was for his advantage, hoysed up the sail, and adventuring as fast as he could, he brought the Boat unto the Port, but he received more than an hundred strokes with stones; that his Sail that stood up an end by force of the Wind, was smitten full of holes, the cords broken, and the Mast overthrown, and the boat almost filled with stones.

Notwithstanding Hercules ceased not at all from his enterprize, but through he passed by all the strokes of his enemies, labouring so that he took land, and thrust himself among the Hesperians and there he began to smite with his Club, on the right side, and on the left, end long, and over-thwart, with such an abundance of valour and prowess. that all the place was red with their blood and brains. Theseus and Hispan, and fifty of the Greeks best armed, by ths example of Hercules, took also a light boat, and adventured themselves to win the Port: Hercules was even at the mouth of the Port, he saw Theseus come, and to make him passage, he ran here and there, and did so much hurt to the Hesperians, that without great danger they took land, and sprang out of their boat. Then was the assault hot and furious. Gerion came to the Landing of Theseus, and at least three hundred of his men that followed him. All they smote, and laid upon the Greeks, and of the fifty they slew ten. When Theseus and Hispan saw that, their hearts began to swell. They encouraged themselves, and pierced the assembly of Gerion, and against one man that was slain of theirs, they slew fifty Hesperians, and there they used their prowesses so, that they did wonders by their Arms.

Gerion even dyed for sorrow that he might not come to have his will on the Greeks. He and his men were eager as Tygers that had been famished. The Greeks were mighty and strong

as

as Elephants: their strokes were great, they doubted neither Dart nor Sword, put all in adventure. The Battel was furious, and the Greeks received many a wound: always Hispan and Theseus by their marvellous prowesses saved them from death, and made passage through a great press where Hercules was.

Hercules that left not to smite, was very glad when he saw Theseus and Hispan, and their forty Companions. Their coming cost Gerion the death of a thousand men and more: for Hercules to encourage his men, added to his deeds strength upon strength, prowess upon prowess, confounding his enemies so dreadfully, drawing them toward the Sea, that they that saw him, wished they had been in their mothers womb: and in flying they were in such haste, that they beat each other into the Sea, and slew themselves.

Then was Gerion smitten to the heart with great ire, mingled with impatience: so he put himself into the press, and smote not only upon Hercules, but also upon the companions of Theseus: he smote the first man upon the Helm, that he cleft his head unto the teeth. After he assailed another, and bare him to the earth, so astonied that he wist not where he was. Consequently, he made there a great Massacre suddenly on the Greeks, that he dyed his Sword with their blood, and the Greeks were constrained to make a great cry for succour.

At this season the Greeks that were left with their Galleys entred into the Port, and took Land easily. When Hercules heard the cry that his men made, he ran thither to the assault and made about them a new noise, great and piteous. Gerion knew that the noise came because of Hercules, for he saw him come and smite in the thickest of the Press, then he called to his folk, and cheared them, but had there so great mishap, that for one stroke Hercules gave him with his Club by chance, he was constrained to depart the press, and to withdraw him apart with them that were weary, to take his breath. Gerion afterward fought to his extremity, and casting his eyes upon the skirmish, he saw the Greeks upon the Port, and providing them unto battel. Then he saw how they put many of his men to the worst, and that he might not resist it: all his losses came before his eyes, and he began to sigh, and said with a dolorous heart:

Alas,

Alas, what is the mutability of Fortune? Flattering fortune, what hast thou thought? All the honour thou hast given me heretofore, redounds now to my shame: since thou hast sent me so many goods, wherefore hast thou sent to me Hercules? This is the enemy of all my glory. He from a shining fame hath brought me now unto a name full of darkness. If thou hast given him sufficient: Let him not come after me with his horrible deeds. All my veins be replenished with Furies, my heart murmureth it self boyling with ire. O what great mishap is this: since it must needs be I shall be unfortunate, I will verily dye of the Club whereof I have seen my brother dye: or I will take vengeance. Gerion all out of his wit, with these words put him in the press, crying: Gerion, Gerion, to encourage his men. Thus crying, and seeking Hercules, he put to death many Greeks: he was all furious, so as his Sword was dyed with the blood of his enemies. In the end he came to Hercules, and with his Sword so dyed, he smote him sore. Hercules was weary, for without ceasing he abode fighting by the space of four hours, and had received upon his arms so many strokes, that no man could number them. Notwithstanding, he fled not at all from Gerion, but came to him joyfully and fought against him with so great force, that all they that saw it marvelled: and after many strokes, Hercules smote him one so great, that he bruised Gerion, and beat the brains out of his head, and smote the Helm off his shoulders, so that he fell among the dead.

CHAP. XXII.

How Hercules founded the City of Corogne upon the Tomb of Gerion.

THus was the end of the unhappy life of Gerion the Tyrant: he dyed as his two brethren did by the Club of Hercules. When the Hesperians saw him brought to that pass, as to tast the bitter morsel of death, all left their arms, bewailing sorrowfully the death of Gerion, and fell into despair: So that some stayed still to be slain, others fled by Deserts, Mountains, and the Banks of the Sea. When Hercules espyed them so dismayed, he thanked his God, and pursued his enemyes. The pursuit

purſuit dured unto the evening. The Greeks filled the Fields, the Mountains, and the Ways by the Sea, with blood. When the night was come, Hercules and the Greeks withdrew them into the Galleys to refreſh themſelves. The hurt men were remembred and comforted with the Victory and Spoyl. The weary men forgot the labour and toyl that they had done. They reſted them after their travel and paſſed the night over. When it was day, Hercules iſſued out of his Galley, and beholding the Port it ſeemed to him that a City would ſtand well there, and then ſaid, That forthwith he would make one there, and concluded to begin it. He ſent to all places, where he knew any people were there abouts, and gave to each man knowledge that he was minded to make a City there, and the firſt perſon that would come to put hand thereto, ſhould have the Government thereof: this thing was known in Galicia. Many came thither, but a woman named Corogne was the firſt that came. And therefore Hercules gave unto her the ruling thereof, and named it Corogne in remembrance of the victory that he had there. Upon the body of Gerion he founded a Tower, and by his Art compoſed a Lamp burning continually day and night, without putting of any thing thereto. Which burned afterward the ſpace of three hundred years. Moreover upon the pinacle or top of the Tower, he made an Image of Copper, looking into the Sea, and gave him in his hand a Looking-glaſs having ſuch vertue, that if it happened that any man of War on the Sea came to harm the City ſuddenly, their Army and their coming ſhould appear in this ſaid Looking-glaſs, and that dured unto the time of Nebuchadonozar, who being advertiſed of the property of the Glaſs, filled his Galleys with white things and green boughs and leaves, that in the Looking-Glaſs they appeared no other but a wood: whereby the Corognians not knowing of any other thing than their Glaſs ſhewed to them, did not furniſh them with men of Arms, as they had been accuſtomed when their enemies came. And thus Nebuchadonozar took the City in a morning, deſtroying the Looking-Glaſs and the Lamp. When the Tower was made, Hercules cauſed to come thither all the Maids of the Countrey, and willed them to make a ſolemn feaſt in remembrance of the death of Gerion. Then he departed unto Megidda, where were preſented unto him one hundred Oxen of the faireſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

How Hercules assailing King Cacus, overcame him, and how Cacus began to tyrannize in Italy.

AFter this Conquest, as Hercules intended to people this new Countrey, tydings came to him, that in the City of Carthagenia, a King and Gyant Reigned, named Cacus, who was passing evil and full of Tyranny, and had slain by his cursed dealing the Kings of Arragon, and of Navar, their Wives and Children, and possessed their Seigniories, and also held in subjection all the Countrey of Italy. Hercules received joyously these tydings, and said, By the pleasure of God, he would assay to take vengeance of the death of the Kings of Arragon and Navar. Then he disposed him unto this work, and having an appetite to correct the King Cacus, as soon as an Army might be ready, he went unto the Realm of Castile, where was King Cacus, in the City of Carthagenia, that stood beside a Mountain named Monachajo. And he passing by many Realms that did him obeysance, for his vertuous renown, he came to Carthagenia, the King Cacus came against him in Arms: for he had been advertised of his coming. And as he entred into the frontiers, Cacus sent unto him one of his Knights, that said to him these words: Hercules, thou open Tyrant, thou hast thine heart greater than thy body, and wouldst assail the heavens, to conquer them, if God had given thee wings to fly: if thou dost seek peace and love, unto King Cacus, thy equal in condition and Fortune, I salute thee in his name: and if thou dost come as his enemy, I defie thee in his name: And in no wise be thou so hardy as to enter into this Country. If thou enter, know that thou shalt find in Cacus, and in the Castilians so hard an encounter, that from thy evil adventure shall no man of thy company be quit. Knight (answered Hercules) whatsoever you be, you shew not that you have the heart of a Noble man. For it is a shame to all men, especially to a Noble man, to miscall or speak evil of another man. You have called me an open Tyrant, and also you have compared me to the Tyrant Cacus. I answer you to this Article, that I am no Tyrant, but a destroyer of Tyrants: therefore return again unto Cacus, and certifie him, that I have intention

intention to shew what hate I have to Tyrants: and within few dayes he shall receive a hard encounter, notwithstanding his brabadoes. With this answer the Castilian departed from Hercules, and returned unto King Cacus, and told him word for word, what Hercules had said. When Cacus had heard this, he was abashed, notwithstanding he was a strong and puissant Gyant, and had never found a man stronger than himself: for the renown of Hercules was then so great through the universal World, that the most strong, most assured in Arms, and the most fortunate doubted him, and trembled, hearing speech of his deeds, Howbeit Cacus took courage in himself, and without sign of being abashed, in the presence of his Nobles, said: Blessed be the next days, that Nature and Fortune shall bring to us, to make proof and force of our strength. Now it behoveth that Castile and Sicil shew the force of their arms, to defend King Cacus from the Claws of his enemies: and it is of necessity likewise that King Cacus, for his people put forth the uttermost of his strength. Now go we on my brethren and friends, we are come to the War. The Greeks come upon Castile without any quarrel, let us go against them, and fight for our Country: the Birds fight one against another for their Nests, and the dumb Beasts for the Caves. Nature leadeth them to do so, if we have the same Nature, the time is come that we ought to shew it.

When the Castilians and the Arragonoys that were there, heard Cacus speak, they praised greatly his courage, and answered all with one voice, they were ready to assail their enemies. With this answer the King did dislodge his Host that he had there in the Fields: and went forth against Hercules, the straightest way he could. King Cacus desired to find Hercules. Hercules on the other side wished to see Cacus. They went so long the one against the other, that soon after they saw each other, nigh to a place where Hercules after founded a City, which was named Terricone. As soon as they saw each other, they began to make great joy, with shouts and cryes. Then they ranged them in order of battel, and marched the one against the other, so sharply, that they filled the air in short space with shot of Arrows, casting of Stones and Darts. At the beginning of this battel, the Castilians bare them valiantly, and there were many

of their part slain, more by hardiness than for fear. For they put themselves too far forth. And they feared not the shot of the Greeks, though they were thick, that all the Ground was red with their blood. And the Castilians which were so far gone, and sore chased, were driven back again to their fellows. When King Cacus saw his folk so sore bestead, and heard that they recoyled from the shot of the Greeks: he had very great sorrow in his heart, and knew not what to do to withstand the force of the Battel: Some fled, others went back, and others fell down, dead or sore hurt. The Battel dured long to the sorrow of King Cacus. But in the end the shot of the Greeks failed, and the Castilians with Cacus recovered new strength, that they came to close fight, hand to hand with their Swords, they shed largely the blood of them of Tyre, and of Ancone, which were in the first front of the battels of Hercules.

The noise arose great: There were many Shields broken, and skins of Lions cut in pieces. As Cacus approached, it seemed as a Tempest: He was strong, fierce, and outragious in smiting, each of his strokes was the death of a Greek. He did so much, that the cryes of them that were about him mounted up into the Air, that the Castilians had well nigh won all, and began to rejoyce for their good fortune, and chasing the Greeks to death: but like as a clear day is oftentimes troubled by a dark Cloud, so by the alone coming of Hercules to skirmish, all their joy was troubled, and turned into mortal losses. For the deadly arm of Hercules laid about him so terribly, that he beat down the Castilians, like as a Mower with his Scythe cutteth down the grass in a green Meadow. When Cacus saw Hercules so founder his men, his blood was on fire, and he was so exceedingly enraged, that in a great fury he presented himself before the front of Hercules, and smote him with his Sword so furiously, that he cleft his Shield in two parts. The Castilians seeing the Shield of Hercules fly in pieces, thought that Cacus had put him to death, then they made a shout for joy, but it dured not long: for Hercules lift up his Club and smote Cacus upon the top of the Helm with such strength, that it seemed to Cacus he had been smitten down with the greatest Rock in Spain. Yet notwithstanding Cacus abode standing in his place, challenging Hercules to the death, and smote him with all his

might.

might. At this assailing, the Castilians hoping the Fortune of Cacus, they all assailed Hercules.

Hercules was gone so far among his Enemies, that he was separated from his company. When he heard Cacus threaten him to death, and saw that the Castilians assailed him, and come to him from all sides, his heart was filled with fury, and abandoning the thickness and hardness of his skin of the Lion to the Swords of them all without revenging him, save only against Cacus, he smote him without measure. Cacus fought with the spirit of a Tyrant chafed, Hercules fought with a heart nourished in Virtue. Both of them were fierce, strong, and of great courage. But when they had both enough each of other, at length the strokes of Hercules were so great, and horrible, that the shoulders of Cacus, nor his head could sustain them. So in the end, after their battel had dured two hours, Cacus could no more suffer him, but fled.

When Hercules saw that Cacus fled, he meant not to follow, but for the Victory, began to hew on the Castilians, Arragonnoys, and such others as he found: for he left no man alive before him, young nor old, feeble nor strong. Hispan and the other of his side, made their feats of Arms to flourish. The Battel was sharp: for the Greeks doubled and redoubled their strokes and slew many of their enemies. In the end, when Cacus had taken his breath, he put again into the middle at one side, where his folk fled, and made them tarry, smiting and beating the Greeks more terribly than he had done before, whereof the cries arose so high, that Hercules fighting on another side, heard, and ran thither at all adventure. And as he espyed Cacus he went before him, and broke the preis, and smote down so sore, that Cacus knew him, but durst not abide him, but fled away again. Then the Greeks make a shout, and a joyful noise, so that all the Castilians fled some here, some there, to the great hurt and loss of Cacus: For of all his people there was left no more but fifty which saved themselves upon the Mount of Tonehayo, which stood there by. But with great effusion of blood of them of Castilia, that thought to have mounted up with the other, so that it seemed there had been a Spring of Blood, the Caves in the Valley were filled with blood: howbeit Cacus saved himself and fifty of his men upon the Mountains, as the Chronicles of

Spain rehearſe. When he was above, and in ſure peace he returned, and looking down to the foot of the hill, ſaw ſo many Caſtilians, that were without number dead, or in danger to dye: he had great ſorrow then at his heart, not for pity, but deſpair, and for the dangers that he ſaw he muſt paſs. Anon, after he ſaw in the Champaigne, each quarter and place there, all covered with them of his party, and of their blood. Alſo he ſaw them that fled taken, and brought to the hands of the other, Theſe things conſidered, the deſolation of his Dominion, and punithment of his tyranny was to him evident: he thought then that Hercules would ſoon conquer all the Country: for they obeyed him through fear, and not for natural love.

Notwithſtanding he deſpaired not, albeit that he ſaw the puiſſance of his men deſtroyed by the Club of Hercules, and knew, that he might no more reign in that Countrey, becauſe they were all ſlain, then he returned unto his Science, and as ſorrowful as he was, he entred into a houſe he had there, but firſt appointed twelve of his men to keep the paſſage of this Mount, which was ſo ſtrait and narrow, that there could go up but one man at once.

When Hercules and his men had put to death all their Enemies, Hercules began to aſſail the Rock, and got upon the degrees or ſtairs: but then ſuddenly they that kept the Paſſage, caſt upon him great ſtones, in ſo great abundance, that of force he was conſtrained to deſcend. When Hercules ſaw that he muſt withdraw him, he obeyed Fortune, notwithſtanding he made a vow, That he would never depart from the foot of the Rock, till he had conſtrained Cacus to deſcend, by famine or otherwiſe: This vow made, Hercules came unto the foot of the hill, where the battel had been, and made the place clean, and purged it of the dead bodies, and of the blood of them that lay dead. After that he made his Tent of boughs and leaves, and his Bed of freſh graſs, and commanded that every man ſhould lodge there. When the day was ended and night approached, the Greeks were weary, for they had all day laboured in arms, and would fain have reſt, and made good cheer with that they had. And after they had ordained, and ſet their Watch, as well to keep the Coaſt, as to keep the Rock that Cacus ſhould not come down, they laid them down upon the graſs, in ſuch wiſe as they were accuſtomed when they were in the War, and ſo ſlept that night.

On

On the morrow, Hercules parted the Host in twain, and sent Hispan with one of them into Arragon, and Navarre, and he remained with the other. Hispan in the name of Hercules, was joyfully received of the Navarroys, and of the Arragonys. And they all made to him obeysance, acknowledging Hercules to be their Lord, and the most vertuous Prince that was in the west. When Hispan had subdued them, he returned unto Hercules. Hercules lay yet still before Monchayo, and there held Cacus in subjection, that he should not issue out. Cacus and his folk were then in great want of victual, and they wist not what to eat or drink. They deferred as long as they might, hoping that Hercules would be weary of being long there. But in the end, when their victuals failed, they saw that they must needs adventure themselves to come down; Cacus by his Science made certain secret things to go down into their stomachs; and after put thereto fire, and taught all the other to do so: then suddenly as they felt the fire issue out of their mouths, the fume and smoke in such abundance, they seemed all on a light fire; then by the counsel of Cacus they adventured themselves to descend down in running, and casting fire and fume so impetuously, that Hercules and the Greeks thought it had been a Tempest of Lightning from the Heavens, and had burnt the Mountains; for it was a thing to make men sore abashed: and thus they escaped the danger of Hercules at that time. For during all that day the Rock was full of smoke and fume that Cacus had made, and the smoke was so material, that it seemed darkness.

Cacus and his folk thus passed the Host of Hercules and the Greeks; Then Hercules who was the wisest Clerk in the World, so employed himself in study, he took his Books and began to search how and by what reason the fire descended from the Rock: he read much, but all things well considered, he found not that this fume came of natural things, whereof he had great marvel. Then he sent for Atlas, that always was lodged behind the Host, to be solitary. When Atlas was come, he shewed him the smoak and fume that dured yet; then he told of the Lightning that had passed by the Host, and demanded of him his opinion. Atlas knew incontinent the fume, and answered to Hercules. Certes my Son, thou art more sharp in Science than I, for mine age may not attain to such high things as thy youth.

youth. Howbeit, for as much as I know, the growing of this thing long time past: I will tell thee, (what I say thou shalt find true as I suppose.) Therefore know, that this fume is a thing artificial, and made by the craft of Vulcan, the Father of Cacus, who was an excellent Master in this Science, and was the inventor thereof: he made certain Mountains in Cicily to burn, and shall burn continually to the end of the World. Cacus which knew the Art of his Father, hath made this fume to escape thy hands, he is descended with his company in the form of Lightning or Tempest, and thus thy strength is deceived by his Science. When Hercules understood this, that Atlas had said to him, he greatly marvelled at the Science of Cacus, and could not believe it. Then to know the truth, he took his Club, and went up through the smoak, unto the top of the Rock seeking Cacus: but he found there neither man nor beast; then he returned unto Atlas, and laughing, confessed to him that he had said truth, and said, he would make no pursuit after him, forasmuch as he was so gentleman-like escaped. This day they passed over in speaking and communing of Cacus and his father Vulcan. The day following, when the smoak and fume was banished away, Hercules began to behold the Country, and saw it was commodious and fertile, and to the end that there should ever be remembrance of him, he founded there a City, which he named Ter. scone, forasmuch as he gave this Country, to the Son of the King of Ancone, and there he made him dwell with his people, and with them of Tyre. Hercules after this foundation, went to the City Salamanque, and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a Study, and he set therein the seven liberal Sciences, with many other Books.

Then he made them of the Country to come thither to study, but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprize any cunning of Science. Then forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage, and would that his study were maintained, he made an Image of gold unto his likeness, which he did set up on high in the midst of his study upon a Pillar; and made so by his Art, that all they that came before this Image, to have declaration of any Science, to all purposes, and all Sciences,

ences, the Image anſwered, inſtructed, and taught the Scholars with Students, as it had been Hercules in his proper perſon. The renown of this ſtudy was great in all the Countrey. And this Study dured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Chriſtian Faith: from Salamanque Hercules departed and went into Catalogne, and founded there the City of Barſeloigne, which is a good City. And finally, when he had accomplished all theſe things, he ſent Atlas home again into his Country, but he held by him all his Writings, for he loved Books above all the riches of the World. After he would give leave unto Philotes to return unto his Country, but Philotes refuſed his Congie, and ſaid to him, that he would ſerve him all his life, and reputed his felicity more great to be in his ſervice, than to govern the Country that Fortune had put into his hand. Hercules after this called Hiſpan, and ſaid to him: Hiſpan, I know thy wit and thy valour, I have found thee always wiſe and true. Thou art a man of authority, and very well known in theſe Coaſts, I do now make and conſtitute thee to be King over all this Country: and I do give unto thee charge to love vertue, and maintain thy honour. When Hiſpan heard the gift that Hercules beſtowed on him, he fell down at his feet, thanked him, and excuſed him of that honour. But Hercules ſaid to him, he would have it ſo, and delivered to him a certain number of his people to ſerve him. Afterwards he cauſed him to depart, with great ſighs and ſorrows. And Hiſpan went then by all the Countries that Hercules had conquered from Gerion and Cacus. And from thenceforth the Country was named Spain, after his Name: Wherefore I will now ceaſe ſpeaking of his Conqueſt of Spain, and will rehearſe the deeds of Arms that Hercules did in Lombardy, and of the death of Cacus.

CHAP. XXIV.

How Hercules fought againſt the eleven Gyants of Cremona, and vanquiſhed them.

NOw where are the Kings, Emperours, Soudans, and Princes, that I may ſpeak of the vertuous liberality of them, equal or like unto thoſe of Hercules? The men at this day

day fight one against another, and make many conquests: but they attribute them unto their singular profit. They resemble not Hercules, he never fought but for the common weal of the World. To pursue my discourse; When he made Hispan King of all the Region of Hesperie, that now is named Spain, he sent for his Oxen, his Kine, and his Calves, and after departed from Barseloigne, and took his way into Lombardy, he went on his journey till he came nigh the City of Cremona, which is but a days journey from Millan. There were in this City eleven Gyants, great of measure. These eleven Gyants were all brethren, and sons of Neleo, the son of Saturn. They called themselves all Kings of this City. They held all estate Royal, howbeit their Revenues were but small, but they were thieves, and robbed their neighbours, and made them always War. When they knew that Hercules approached their City, they assembled their Council, and demanded one of another, if they should suffer Hercules to enter into their City. All were of one opinion, that they should not receive him, and they would send unto him one of them, which was named Nestor, that he should not enter into Cremona, unless he first has vanquished in battel the eleven Brethren. Nestor at the commandment of the Gyants, departed from Cremona, and went to Hercules, whom he found with his little army, lying but three miles distant from Cremona.

Then spake he to Hercules and said to him; Sir, I have ten Brethren Kings of Cremona, that have sent me unto thee, forasmuch as thou entrest into their Dominion, and they certifie thee, by me, that they will give unto thee no passage into Cremona, unless thou first overcome them, one after another in battel: therefore chuse whether thou wilt have the battel, or else return again, and leave off this voyage. I advertise thee, that they are all Gyants, more great and more puissant then I am. Sir Knight, (answered Hercules) I have taken my way to pass by Cremona, let the Gyants know that Hercules hath an intention to speak unto them, as he that dreaded not, nor feareth their accustomed Tyrannies, which I must deliver the world of, by feats of Arms. And to the end that they presume not that I have any doubt or dread of them in any manner, ye shall say unto them, that I will not fight with them ten, one after

after another, but all at once together, and you with them, if you will accompany them to do so, they shall find me ready to morrow early, by day light.

Hercules with these words made his people to abide, and rest there for that night. And Nestor returned to his Brethren, and said: My Brethren, I have spoken to Hercules, and told him your commandement: He hath answered unto me with a high and plain courage, that he will fight with us to morrow: not one after another, but with us all at once. And to speak plainly of him, he hath semblance of a valiant man, and furnished with prowess: he is a Prince very modest, and of great courage. It behoveth you to furnish well the battel. Certainly it will be perillous, for he is mightily membred, and as big as one of us, but me thinketh he may not compare, nor prevail against us eleven, and that he may not escape our Forces, but we shall pierce him with our Swords, whatsoever force or strength is in him.

The Gyants hearing him so praise Hercules had great marvel of him, and would not believe Nestor, of that he had reported, that he would fight with them all together at once: For there were none of them all but he thought himself strong enough for Hercules. Then they asked again if Nestor were sure to have well understood what Hercules said unto him, that he would fight against them all at once: Nestor answered, yea, and that he had heard him say it in his proper person. With this answer they concluded, that on the morrow they should Arm them all, and that they would go to the Field to fight against Hercules, if he came against them. One of the Gyants said unto his Brethren, To morrow shall be the day of our glory. We shall banquish the Vanquisher of Monsters: Let us make good cheer. Brother (answered Nestor) therein is no doubt, but that we shall overcome him that ye speak of, but so much shall our glory be the less, being eleven against one. Well, said another, if in fighting against us eleven we shall have the less honour, let us every man fight for himself Brother (answered Nestor) if ye had seen and heard him as I have, ye would not be so hardy as you seem: he is another manner of man than you think of. Keep you at the offer that he hath made, it is better to have the most profit, and less honour in such a

case. In these conferences they passed all that day, afterward they went to rest. When the hour was come, on the morrow early they arose, and made themselves ready the best they could. After they sent one of their men unto Hercules, to know what he would say: but as soon as the Messenger issued out of the Gate, the first thing he saw was a Giant armed marvellously: the Messenger abode then, and advised him a little. After he had advised himself, he went unto the Gyant armed, and asked him what he was. I am Hercules, said the Gyant. What will you say, or have, said the Messenger. I say, said Hercules, that the Gyants of Cremona have no cause to lett me the passage of their City. Forasmuch as they gave me to understand yesterday, if I would have passage, it behoveth me to vanquish them one after another in the field by battel: I am come hither in hope to win the victory, and demand no other thing but to see them in arms, to fight with them altogether at once, to have the sooner done. Wherefore go to them, signifie my coming, and hast them.

The Messenger with these words returned unto the Gyants, and told them all what he had found. When the Gyants knew that Hercules was already come into the field, they all took their Swords and their furniture of War, and departed from the City, addressing themselves against Hercules. Hercules was then alone in the place. The men and women of Cremona went upon the Walls and Towers to see the battel. Philoctes with other Noble men of the Greeks, were upon an Hill, far enough from the place where Hercules was abiding the Gyants. They were all well furnished with Helmets, enriched with gold and stones. They were great and strong, all of one measure, they were bearded, and had fierce countenances: they marched stoutly, with a great courage.

When they came nigh to Hercules, within half a Bow shot, they all menaced him to the death, and made a cry so great, that the walls of their City redounded. Then they ran against the assured Prince, like as they had been Lions: Hercules hearing these cryes, seeing their course on foot, stayed for them, lifting up his Club over his head.

When it came to meeting, it seemed the Gyants would have bruised him with their Swords, for they smote upon him so unmeasurably,

meaſurably, that the pieces of their Swords flew into the Air. Hercules ſuffered them, and beheld what power they had: when they made their aſſays upon him, Hercules made his aſſay upon them, and with his Club ſmote one of the Gyants upon the Helm, that he all bruiſed not only his Helm, but his head, that he fell down ſuddenly dead. When the other ten Gyants ſaw their brother dead of one ſtroke, they had great ſorrow, and their blood moved. Nature willed them to take ſharp vengeance. They did what they could, and aſſailed Hercules eagerly on all ſides.

Hercules feared not any ſtroke of Sword, Spear, or Poleare: his skin of the Lion was hard and ſtrong: his ſtrength was ſtable, and his Club defended all, ſo it need, great was the ſtrokes that they gave each other. The Gyants did their beſt endeavours, and gave ſtrokes enough to Hercules, but they could neder pierce the skin of the Lion, it was ſo hard, yet his Club was harder. The Gyants marvelled at the conſtance and puiſſance of Hercules. As ſoon as Hercules lift up his Club to ſtrike them, they leaped aſide, and other whiles brake his ſtrokes: howbeit in leſs time than an hour he ſlew four of them, and the other ſeven fought afterwards, by ſuch vigour, that the more he ſmote them with his Club, the more furious he found them and fierce.

The battel was terrible and hard, for the Gyants were ſtrong, and long had uſed the skill of Arms, great pain had they to ſave themſelves, and ſmall hope to revenge the blood of their Brethren, and gain the honour of the battel. They ſaid that they were unfortunate, ſeeing they might not overcome one man alone, nor equal him. In fighting they helped and comforted each other, and had all good courage. But what did their number of Brethren profit them? What availed them their courageous ſtrokes, when they were approaching their death? Hercules was always Hercules: he rejoyced much in the number of his enemies, he comforted himſelf in Fortune, Fortune helped him, he did marvels on all ſides, well could he fight, and well defended he himſelf, all that he did was well done: all that the others did, was nought worth, notwithſtanding they were mighty. But the luck of Hercules was not to be broken, nor his Club to be foyled: but he Triumphed, and his valour encreaſed to

ſuſtain the furies of his adverſaries, who with all their might charged him with their ſtrokes. O marvellous ſtrength and might of a man. His puiſſance was not of a man, but of an Elephant: his ſkin of the Lion ſeemed that it had been tempered with quick and hard ſteel: his body ſeemed more conſtant againſt the cutting Swords of all his enemies, than is an Anvil againſt the ſtrokes of many hammers, or great ſledges: there was no ſtroke of his enemy that grieved him: he took great pleaſure in the battel, ſeeing himſelf among ſo many Gyants. He ſtill greatly rejoyced, and there was nothing grieved him, but the declining of the day which began to fail.

At this hour, when the Sun withheld her rays, and turned into the Weſt, Hercules would make an end of his battel. The Gyants began to ceaſe to ſmite, for from the morning to the evening, they fought without ceaſing: and Hercules behaved himſelf ſmiting upon one and other, laying about him furiouſly, that of ſame he brake Helmets and Heads, of others he brake arms and ſides marvellouſly, and gave many great ſtrokes, that he beat down all except Neſtor, who fled away, when he ſaw the diſcomfiture. Therein he did wiſely, for all his brethren were ſlain by the hand of Hercules.

When they of Cremona ſaw their Lords dead, they ſoon enough made an end of their mourning and ſorrow, for they had been to them hard and troubleſome. At the end of this battel, they aſſembled to Council, when they ſaw Hercules had won the victory, and concluded together, that they would yield themſelves to Hercules, and his mercy. With this concluſion they iſſued out of the Gates in a great number, and came to Hercules, the Conqueror of his enemies: firſt they kneeled before him down to the ground: ſecondly, they prayed and required of him mercy: and thirdly, they ſurrendred unto him their City and their goods, and ſaid they would hold him for their Lord during their lives. Hercules, who was pitiful and gentle to them that humbled themſelves, received the Cremonians into his favour, and made them ſtand up, and after ſent for them of his Hoſt. When they were come, he brought them all into Cremona, where great joy was made: For they were glad of the death of the Gyants. And there was no man, woman nor child, but did rejoyce.

In

In this manner was Hercules King of Cremona, and enriched with a new title of victory. The firſt night that he entred into the City, he reſted him and his people: and were well refreſhed and well feaſted. On the morrow he cauſed to bring into the City the bodies of the Gyants that were dead, and buried them worſhipfully. Then he founded upon them a very great and high Tower, and upon the Tower he ſet eleven ſtatues of mettel, after the faſhion of the Gyants that he had ſlain, in remembrance of his victory.

After the Edification of this Tower, Hercules left in Cremona, folk to govern them, and departed thence to go further into the Country He ſtudied alway, and was never idle: he ſtudied ſo much, that he could make the fire artificial as well as Cacus: and found the remedies againſt the ſame. What by arms and by his ſcience he got very great glory in Italy. He went into many places, and over all where he came and went, men did him Reverence. With great good adventure he went ſo far, that he came to a City ſtanding nigh the Mount Aventine, where Reigned a King named Evander, which received him ſolemnly. It is to be noted, that when Cacus fled from Monchayo, he came into Italy unto this Mount, diſpleaſed that he had loſt his Seigniory. Then he gave all his ſervants leave to depart from him, and in deſpair, he went to the Mount Aventine in an evening, where he was conſtrained to withdraw himſelf, for he feared Hercules much. When he was come on this Hill, he found there a great Cave, and went in without his ſupper, and then he began to be diſcomforted greatly, and ſaid: Alas, now am I exiled, and baniſhed out of all my Seigniories, and Lordſhips. Now have I no ſuccour nor comfort of perſon. I dare not name me King, where I was wont by my name to make Kings to tremble, alas all is turned, and become upſide down. I have nothing to eat, nor no where to lodge, unleſs it be with the beaſts. O poor King: where is any man ſo unhappy as I? I am ſo unfortunate, that I dare not be ſeen nor known. With theſe words he laid him down upon the bare ground, and laid a ſtone under his head, and with great pain and grief fell a ſleep, which dured not long, for his veins were ſtrongly ſtirred, his heart was not quiet, and his body was very evil ſuſtained. After he awoke, he went out of the Cave, to look if it were

were nigh day: for the night troubled him, and was to him too long. But when he was come into the air, he saw no day appear, nor Stars nor Moon shine, but he found it all dark, and all the Regions of the air covered with clouds, whereat he was greatly grieved. Then he went into the Cave again, not into the deepest, but into the mouth, and there (for sorrowful and pensive) abode without sleeping till it was day.

When the day appeared, Cacus went out of the Cave, up unto the top of the Hill, and began to view the Country about. The Country seemed to him good and fair to live there. After great pensiveness and many thoughts, he concluded in himself, that he would abide there, and would live of booties, rapine, and theft. After he bethought himself, that he would go unto King Pricus of Calidonie, which was his Cousen, to have his Wife, that he had chosen, to bear him company, and that he would ask and demand in marriage one of his Daughters. With this conclusion he departed from the Mount Aventine, and took his way unto Calidonie. Some say Calidonie is that Country that we call Calabria. When Cacus was come to Calidonie, the King Pricus received him as it appertained to a King, forasmuch as he knew him, and was of his Linage; and demanded of him his tydings. Cacus began to sigh, when he saw that he must tell his mishap, and told him from the beginning to the end, how Hercules had taken from him his Realms, and how he hath been besieged, and was escaped. Forasmuch (said he) as I dare not abide in my own Country, I am come hither unto you for refuge to count my sorrows. I have intention to hold me on the Mount Aventine in a Cave that is there, until that time my enemy Hercules shall depart from my Heritage: and I will keep me there so secret, that no man in the world shall have knowledge thereof, to the end that Hercules know it not, forasmuch as he hath me in great hate, and he hath more greater hap and fortune in arms than I have: And if he knew that I were in any place, I am certain he would come thither to destroy me. This considered, I have chosen this Cave to hide me, as I have said: It is so that the eyes of a man being in great trouble, rejoyce in the sight of a woman, for a woman is a comfort to a man. Wherefore I require you that you will give me to wife one of your Daughters. And if it please you so to do, you

shall

shall do me a greater friendship than I can have for this present time. King Pricus answered Cacus, You are of high descent, and have great Lordships in Hesperia. If fortune were against you this day, your Highness ought not therefore to be the worse esteemed. I have four Daughters, of whom the one is named Yole. Take whom it pleaseth you except Yole, for I will not yet marry her. And if you have any will to make an Army against Hercules, tell me plainly, I will succour you as a true and faithful friend. Cacus was very well content with the answer of the King; and thanked him, saying that he would make no Army for this season, but pass this time in the Cave as he had purposed. Then the three Daughters of King Pricus were sent for, and Cacus chose one of them, which he wedded, and after lay with her, and abode there two days. At the end of two days he would depart, and took leave of the King. The King would have delivered unto him ten Knights, and ten Esquires to have brought him on his way; but he refused them, and would have none. Then he would have delivered to him certain Ladies and Damosels, but of all them he took none save the two Sisters of his wife: which would by force go with him. Thus then he departed from Calidonie, accompanied with the three Sisters. He was alway sorrowful, and from that time forth; being impatient for his being cast out of Royalty, he began to rage, and bathed his Axe in the blood of men, women, and children that he met, and put them all to death.

Cacus began to exercise the deeds of fury and Tyranny, as he was going to the Mount Aventine. Being come thither he entred into the Cave, the best he could with his wives, and the most secretly. Of this place he made a Nest of theft, and a pit of sins. For the first night that he lodged his Wives, he went into the Village that stood there fast by, and beheld the fairest house, whereinto he entred by a window that was open, and slew all them that were therein: after took all the goods as much as he could carry upon his shoulders, and bare them into the Cave where his wives were.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

How Cacus ſtole away Oxen and Kine, belonging to Hercules, and how Hercules fought with him therefore and ſlew him.

IN the morning Cacus found a very great ſtone of marble, which he took and bare unto his Cave, and made therewith his door. Cacus held him in his Cave, and never went out but when he would do harm. When he went into the field, he ſlew all he met. He robbed every man, deflowred women, burnt houſes and towns, and ſhortly ſpoyled, and did ſo much harm in Italy, that they that paſſed in the Countrey, ſuppoſed it to be deſtroyed by the hand of God, and could not know whence came theſe perſecutions that Cacus made upon them. To return then to our talk of Hercules, he came unto the City of King Evander, in the time that Cacus bedewed Italy with the blood of men, and filled his Cave with ſtoln goods. After the coming of Hercules and of his men of Arms, his Beeves and Oxen were brought into the City, becauſe King Evander ſhould ſee them. The King took great pleaſure to behold them, for they were high and paſſing fair. After the King had ſeen them, Hercules demanded of him, whether he could ſend to paſture that night? In truth Sir, ſaid King Evander, if ye will follow my counſel, ye ſhall let them abide in this City, and not ſend them into the fields. Wherefore, replyed Hercules? Evander anſwered, When we ſend forth our beaſts, we know not where they become. They have been ſtollen and driven away, and we cannot tell who are the Robbers, our ſervants have been murdered, houſes burnt, people that ſhould labour in the field are ſlain, women and maidens are violated and put to ſhame: and we cannot remedy it. For we cannot have knowledge of the Authors thereof. Wherefore ſome men ſay and will avouch, it is God that doth thus puniſh for our ſins. Wherefore I pray you let your beaſts abide in the City, to the end, they be not ſtoln. Sir, ſaid Hercules, yet tell to me a great marvel: I believe well thoſe things ye ſay, notwithſtanding, ſince God hath ſaved them unto this day, he will keep them yet, if it pleaſe him: for if he will have them, he will take them as well within the City, as out in the fields. And if there be a

Robber

Robber or Thief in the Country, that will take them away, I ſuppoſe I ſhall find him, and make Italy quit of him. With theſe words Hercules ſent his Beaſts into the Paſture, and there left them without any Keepers: The day paſſed over, the night came. In this night Cacus iſſued out of his Cave, and went into the Country to ſteal, if he could find any booty. Thus he that is unhappy ſeeketh evil, and in the end is paid at once for his treſpaſſes; the unhappy adventure brought him into the Meadow, where paſtured the Oxen of Hercules: it was nigh the morning, he had with him his three wives. As ſoon as he ſaw the beaſts by the light of the Moon, he knew them. He was all abaſhed, his blood changed in his viſage, and not without cauſe: for ſoon after his ſorrows began to grow on him, and came to the quickneſs of the heart, that he could not ſpeak. His wives when they ſaw that he ſpake no words, and that he beheld the beaſts all amazed, came to him, and demanded of him what he ailed? Alas, anſwere, o Cacus, ſince it is that you muſt needs know; I tell you for certainty, that all the ſorrow in the world ariſeth in my ſtomach, and enbroneth mine heart: for I here ſee the Oxen of the Triumph of mine Enemy Hercules, and in beholding them, I remember the great loſſes that I have had by him, and the honours that he hath made me loſe, and the Realms that he hath taken away from me, and the extream miſery that I am now in: He muſt needs be here by in ſome place. Curſed be his coming, for I know not what I ſhall do, but in ſign of vengeance, I will ſlay his Oxen and his Kine.

When the three Siſters heard that Cacus ſorrowed, they counſelled him, he ſhould not ſlay the beaſts: ſaying, if he ſlew them, Hercules ſhould loſe nothing, for he would eat them. It were better (ſaid his Wife) that ye lead away, as many as ye can, and bring them into our Cave: for if ye do ſo, Hercules ſhall have loſs and diſpleaſure, and ye ſhall have pleaſure and profit.

Cacus believed what his Wife ſaid to him, and looked in the Meadow all about, if any man had been there keeping them, but he found no man nor woman: Then he came to the beaſts, and took eight of the beſt he could chuſe: After he bound them together with a cord by the tails, and the Cord about his neck, he drew them in that manner unto his Cave, albeit the beaſts reſiſted ſtrongly to go backwards in that manner. Cacus ſo brought

all thoſe beaſts that he ſtole, to the end, no man ſhould follow him by the footings of the beaſts.

When he had put in his Cave the beaſts of Hercules, he ſhut the doore ſo well, that a man could never have known nor perceived there had been any doore. Then thinking he had been ſafe, he laid him down and ſlept. After the Sun riſing, Hercules that deſired much to hear tydings of his beaſts, aroſe up, and with the King Evander, came unto the place, where his Oxen and Kine were. When they were come into the Meadow, Hercules found that he lacked four Oxen, and as many Kine. Whereat he was ſore troubled, and commanded that they ſhould ſeek all about the Meadows, and ſee if the footings of the beaſts might be found. At this commandment every one began to ſeek. Some there were that looked towards the Mount Aventine, and found the footings of the Oxen, but they thought by that footing, the beaſts deſcended from the Mount, to come into the Meadow. When all they had ſought long, and ſaw they found nothing, they made their report unto Hercules, that they could not perceive where thoſe Oxen were iſſued out, and that on no ſide they could find any ſigns or tokens of Beaſts going out of the Paſtures. But even now ſaid one, I have found the footings of certain Oxen and Kine, that be deſcended from the Mountain into the Meadow. When Hercules heard that from the Mountain were come Oxen into the Meadow, he called unto Evander and demanded what people dwelled on the Mountain. Evander ſaid, That therein dwelled neither man nor beaſt: and that the Mountain was not inhabited. Hercules would go to ſee the footing and went thither, and he thought well that thither might have paſſed eight great Beaſts in that night, for the traces of the feet was great. Then he would know where they were become: but he found that the footing of the Beaſts took their end there as they paſtured. He then marvelled greatly, foraſmuch as there were no ſtrange Beaſts, and began to muſe.

Now when he had a little paſued, he beheld the Mount, and ſaid: It muſt needs be that there is a thief in this Mountain, that is come and hath ſtoln them and led them away, going backwards. But howſoever it is, I will never depart from hence, till I have ſearched this Mountain, from one ſide to another,

ther, for my heart judgeth the Beaſts are here.

With this concluſion Hercules cauſed to take divers Calves that were there, and made them faſt till Noon, in the mean while he ſent for his harneſs and Arms by Philotes and made him ready to fight. After mid-day, as the Calves began to cry and bleat for hunger, he cauſed them to be brought about the Mountain. Thus as they paſſed by the place where the Cave was and cryed; it happened that the Kine in the Cave heard them, and anſwered: crying ſo loud, that the ſound paſſed by the hole of the Cave, and came to the ears of the Calves, and alſo of Hercules. When Hercules heard the cry of his Kine, he abode there: his Calves began to cry again, but his Kine cryed no more, for Cacus by the force of their cryes was awaked: and he that always feared to be diſcovered roſe up, and cut the throats of the Kine. The Calves then naturally, knowing their Dams, cryed very loud, and bleated, as they that deſired their milk. Hereat Hercules marvelled very much.

Then he came near the Mount, and went unto the place where he heard the Kine: and was there three hours ſeeking if he could find any hole or Cave to paſs by. Howbeit he paſſed many times by the entry of the Cave, yet he could not perceive it. Some ſaid, that the noiſe and bleating they had heard of the Kine was come by Illuſion. Others ſaid, Hercules loſt his labour, and prayed him to leave off to ſeek any more, they thought them not recoverable. In the end when Hercules had heard one and another, and ſaw that he might not come to the end of his deſire, in a great anger he took in both arms a great Tree that grew thereby, and ſhook it three times with ſo great force, that at the third time he overthrew it, root & all, in ſuch wiſe that the root that came out of the earth made a large hole, ſo deep that the bottom of the Cave was ſeen plainly.

When Hercules ſaw the great hole that the root of the Tree made, he was very joyful, and ſaid: Truly it is here that the great Thief dwelleth. I muſt ſee if he be here, and what Merchants inhabit in this place. In ſaying theſe words, Hercules bowed down his head on the one ſide of the Cave, where he ſaw Cacus. As ſoon as he ſaw the Thief, he knew him, whereof he was more joyous than he was before, and called to him, Cacus I ſee thee: thou haſt before this time troubled the Realm of

Hesperia, with innumerable trespasses and great sins, that thou didst commit openly and manifestly. This was the cause of the destruction of thy Seigniory. Now thou troublest the Italians with Tyrannies secret and unknown, I know thy life, thou mayest not deny it. It behoveth that thou dye therefore, and that I make the Italians free, from thy horrible and odious thefts. O cursed man, if thy Crowns, Diadems, Sceptres, Renowns, thy Royal men might not maintain thee; Wherefore art thou wrapped here still in sins, and amendest not, for all thy punishments that thou hast suffered? But yet instead of a King and Prince, thou art a thief. In stead of doing justice, thou hast been a murtherer, and burner of Villages and houses. Where thou shouldest have kept and saved women, thou hast deflowred them, and done them villany, O Caitiff King, without repenting of thee. Certainly, I see well thou art he that the Italians know not, and that thou hast persecuted them.

Thy malice hath been great, and thy subtilty, seeing that unto this day thou wast never bewrayed, and hast done great mischief. But thy cunning is not so great, neither hast thou so hidden thee, but thou art nigh peril, for thou shalt yield to me again my Oxen. And to conclude, thou shalt put me to death, or thou shalt dye by my hand, thou shalt not escape by running away.

When Cacus understood this sentence, he was exceedingly afraid, nevertheless he lifted up his head: and seeing that he was found by Hercules, the only man of the world he most hated, he said unto him: Alas Hercules, a man all corrupted with covetousness: what cursed fortune hath made thee to draw out the tree whereof the profound and deep roots have covered the secret abode of King Cacus, late Reigning, but now deprived of all worldly prosperity? Sufficeth it not to thee, that I may have the use of my natural force to live by, when thou hast taken all away from me? and that I am forced to live by Robbery and Spoyl, whereof the blame and fault ought to redound upon thee? Why sufferest thou not me to live out the residue of my poor life, among the stones, and Rocks, and worms of the Earth? Consider now what thou hast done to the King, and seek him no more. Thou hast hurt and grieved him enough. Cacus, answered Hercules, In the deepest of thy depths of wretchedness and miseries,

miſeries, thy demerits will accuſe thee: I am right ſorry and grieved, to ſee a King in ſo woful and ſhameful eſtate: but ſeeing thou canſt not beautifie thy days paſſed or preſent with one only good deed, what remedy? Thou haſt daily exerciſed tyranny, as well in proſperity as in adverſity, I know well that thou art the new Perſecutor of the Italians, that thy hand is all foul with their blood. I ſeek thee not, nor the Italians can ſay nothing of thee. Foraſmuch as they complain not of thee, (having cauſe to their prejudice) this Tree hath ſpoken for them, and by his Roots hath diſcovered thine ambuſh. So behoveth it that thou take thy choice, whether thou wilt come, and fight with me here at large, or elſe that I come and aſſail thee there; For if it be to me poſſible, I will deliver the world from thy Tyrannies.

By this anſwer Cacus knew there was no reſpite for his life. Then he intended to ſave himſelf as he had done afore-time: and made by his craft ſo great a ſmoke and dark fume, that it ſeemed to come out of the hole the Tree had made as a very pit of Hell. And this black fume was mingled with flames burning. For all this Fume Hercules left not Cacus, but leapt into the Cave, into the middle of the Flames and Fume, as he was maſter of the Craft, and was quickly provided of remedies that thereunto belonged, he went in luſtily and aſſailed Cacus, in ſuch wiſe as he felt no fume nor lett; and then he gave him a ſtroke upon the Helm with his Club, that he made him hit his head againſt the walls of the Cave; Cacus with the receiving of this ſtroke, let the Fume diſgorge out of his ſtomach, ſeeing that by that means he could not eſcape, and betook him to his huge great Axe that ſtood by him, to defend himſelf: Hercules ſuffered him to take up his Axe. Cacus ſmote upon him, the Cave was not large, yet they fought long therein. Unto the reſcue of Cacus, came the three Siſters, who did caſt ſtones upon Hercules in great abundance, and wept bitterly.

The three Damoſels loved Cacus very well. Hercules and Cacus fought more than a long hour without ceaſing. And at the end of the hour, they were both ſo ſore that they muſt needs reſt them. Then Cacus took in himſelf a great pride, for he was ſtrong of body, and ſeemed when he had reſted, that Hercules

les was not so strong as he had been aforetimes, and that he might never vanquish him, forasmuch as he had not overcome at the beginning. By this presumption he demanded of Hercules, if he would finish the Combate without the Cave: Hercules answered that he was content. With this answer Cacus took away the stone that shut the Cave, and went out, in going out after him, Hercules espyed his Kine that were dead in a corner, and his Oxen that were bound by the Buttels unto a Pillar: He was sorry when he saw his Kine in that case, nevertheless, he pursued Cacus, and said unto him: Thou cursed Thief, thou hast done to me a great displeasure, to have slain my Kine. Yea (cursed Thief thy self) answered Cacus, yet hast thou done to me more displeasures, to have slain my men, and taken away my Realms. Thou art only culpable of the evils that I have done, and of the death of thy Kine. I would it pleased God that I had thee as well in my mercy, as I had them: be sure thou shouldest never take away Realm from any man again: now let us dispatch our battel. At these words Hercules and Cacus smote against each other very sore, and with great fury, so as their strokes cleaved to their Harnels, and made a great noise. At this noise, the King Evander and the Greeks came to the battel, to behold, which was before the entry of the Cave, where were the three Sisters pasling desolate. Cacus enforced him with all his puissance. For he saw it was time then or never to shew all the force that he could. He handled his Axe very strongly, and it was needful so to do. He was hard and boysterous: he gave many a stroke to Hercules. And thought oftentimes he should confound him unto the earth. But Hercules on his side failed not though he had a stout Adversary against him: He was also strong at the Combate, and more than was good for the health of Cacus: He never smote Cacus, but he turned his eyes in his head, or made him reel on the one side, or go back shamefully. This battle by long during grieved the beholders, they so assailed each other and fought hard on both sides. Finally they did so much that they were driven to rest them again, their bodies did sweat all over. When Hercules saw the victory was not yet won and that the night approached, he had great shame in himself, that he had held so long battel. Then he began to lay on Cacus so hard, and redoubled his

strokes

strokes with such force upon Cacus, that at the last he bare him down to the ground all astonied, and made him lose his Axe, then took off his Helm. The three Sisters fled into a forrest named Octa full of tears and cryes. Many Grecks would have gone after: but Hercules made them return. Then called he he that was wont to trouble the Italians with secret murthers, covert thefts, unknown defiling of women. Loe here is the minister and doer of these trespasses: I have intention to punish him, not only after his desert but unto death.

Evander answered to Hercules, Prince, excellent, and worthy above all worthies, and the best accomplished of all men, flourishing in Arms. What reverence is due? Thou deservest not only humane reverence, but that reverence that is of Divine nature: I believe assuredly that thou art a God, or the son of a God: else a man deified. Thou in especial hast seen more in a moment, than all the eyes in general of all the Italians did, not in a whole year, but in an hundred years.

Oh the bright resplendent Son of Noble men: and fair shining with noble feats and deeds: How may we thank thee, and give thee praise for thy desert in this great work? Thou (by thy most excellent labour) hast disburthened us from darkness, and hast given us light; thou hast effected more than the great Troops and all the assemblies of Italians would have been able to do. Thou hast gotten more Triumph in chastising of this Tyrant, passing terrible, than we are able to reward thee for; truly if thou be not a God, thou hast from the Gods their singular grace; I promise to thee in remembrance of this labour, to build a solemn Temple in my City, where thou shalt have an Altar, and upon the Altar shall be thy representation of fine gold, and the representation of this Tyrant, in shewing how thou hast vanquished him, to the end that our heirs and successors in time coming, may have thereof knowledge.

During these words Cacus had refreshed him, who was astonied at the stroke that he had received, and thought to have fled: but Hercules ran after, and caught hold of him, and embraced him in his Arms, so hard that he could not stir from him, and brought him again, and bare him unto a deep pit that was in the Cave, where he had cast in all ordure and filth. Hercules came

unto

unto this foul pit, that the Greeks had found, and thrust Cacus therein, his head downwards from on high into the ordure beneath.

Then the Italians came about the Pit, and cast so many stones upon him that he dyed there miserably. Such was the end of the vile King Cacus: he dyed in an hole full of stinking mire. By the consent of Hercules he made him to be drawn out of the Pit, and caused him to be born into the City, where Hercules was received so triumphantly that no man can rehearse; the Feast was great that night in the Palace of King Evander, and passed with great joy. On the morrow the King Evander caused to be set forth the body in the sight and common view of all the people, and afterwards ordained certain folk, to carry his miserable corps or body, through all the Cities where he had done harm, and to count and rehearse to them his life. When the body was shewed in the City of king Evander, they that had the government thereof, bare it into divers places, and alway praised Hercules.

In remembrance of this victory the King Evander commanded to begin the Temple he had promised to Hercules, and required Hercules that he would stay in that Country, until the time his Temple should be fully finished. Hercules beheld how King Evander did labour about building his Temple with all diligence, agreed to his request, forasmuch as to him seemed, the Temple would be shortly made. Some Books say, that long time before, Mars had promised Hercules that there should be a Temple made unto him; and for that cause he was come into Italy, to know if his destiny would happen or no. And when the Italians heard speech of the birth of Hercules, they believed he was the Son of Jupiter not of Amphitrion.

CHAP. XXVI.

How the Queen of Laurentia fell in love with Hercules: and how King Pricus came into Italy with a great Host, to defie Hercules.

The glorious deeds of Hercules were greatly recommended in Italy, as well for that he had vanquished the Gyants of Cremona, as for the death of Cacus. So great was his renown,

nown, that during the building of his Temple, all manner of people came thither to ſee him, and did him divine honours: naming him the Son of Jupiter. The Kings and the Lords came to him to give him gifts, and rich preſents. Among all other the Queen of Laurentia came thither, from her City with many Chariots, filled and laden with Jewels, and preſented them to Hercules. Hercules received into his grace this Queen and her Preſents, and thanked her greatly. This Queen had to name Facua, and was Wife to King Fanus, Son of King Pricus, the Son of Saturn: ſhe was young, freſh, tender, and full of luſtineſs. She had not ſeen King Fanus her Husband in four years, for he was gone into a far Country, and was not in all this time come again. So it happened, that after ſhe firſt began to behold Hercules, and to mark him well, ſhe deſired his company and acquaintance: and ſhe loved him ſo exceedingly, that ſhe could not turn her eyes or her thoughts upon no other thing but Hercules. In the beholding him ſhe ſaid in her heart, That he was the moſt well favoured man and proper without compariſon, that ever ſhe ſaw; and that of right, men ſhould give him praiſe; ſaying moreover, That her heart was entangled with the fire of his love: that many cogitations and thoughts ran in her mind. Now was ſhe awaked with a joyous ſpirit. She paſſed ſo the firſt day that ſhe came in this manner with Hercules. When ſhe was gone away to reſt, ſhe laid her down on a bed, and began to think on the beauty of Hercules, with ſuch ardent deſire that ſhe could not abſtain from weeping, and ſore wiſhed after him: whereof the end was ſuch, that after many Imaginations, about the morning ſhe began to ſay unto her ſelf, O Fortune, what Man, what Prince, what King haſt thou brought into this Country? This is not a King like others. This is an Image ſingular, and like as if God had made him by nature to exceed and Triumph above all her other works. All glory ſhineth in him, not only by his valiant Prowels, but by his ſimple and ſacred perfection of body, to which may be made no compariſon.

O clear Image among the Nobles, who is ſhe ſeeing his eyes, that with one only ſight will not have her heart thorowly pierced? Who is ſhe that will not covet and deſire his grace? The moſt fortunate of all happy and well fortuned ſhall ſhe be

that may get his good will: he is humble, fair, pleasant and aughing: he is a treasure. O dear treasure: like as the Gold surpasseth all other manner of metals, so he surpasseth all other works of nature: how then, shall I not love him? As long as I live, his name shall remain written in my memory, and his virtues shall never be forgot.

Great were the praises that Facua uttered of Hercules: and she forgot the King Fanus, and neglected him for the love of Hercules. She was there a certain space of time, and always thought on him. Hercules, that thought nothing of her, made her no semblance nor sign of love: howbeit he talked oftentimes with her, and with the Wife of King Evander, named Carmenta. The more he conferred with them, the more was Facua in great pain by the inflaming of love: sometime she lost her colour and countenance, but certainly she covered it so well, that no man took heed of it.

When she had been there eight days, bearing such grievous pain, and seeing that Hercules perceived not the love she bore him, to come to the end of her desire, she came on a day to Hercules, and humbly required him to come to her house, to pass the time whiles the King Evander there finished his Temple. Hercules accorded and agreed unto her request, whereat she had very great joy in her self. They then disposed themselves to go unto Laurentia, and took leave of the King Evander, and of the Queen. Thus going, Hercules was always by the side of Facua, who reasoned of many things by the way: and alway Facua had her amorous eyes fired on Hercules: that at last Hercules began to take heed, and said to her softly thus: Lady, you do me exceeding honour to bring me into your house. Alas Sir, answered Facua, I do nothing but trouble you: for I have not the power to feast you as I would, Lady (answered Hercules) the good chear that you bestow on me, is to me acceptable, so that from henceforth ye bind mine heart to be willing to fulfil your will in such wise, that there is nothing that you desire, but I will accomplish it at your Commandment, unto my power, as to any the most accomplished Lady that is in the West: Facua with these words began to smile, and answered; Sir, I have done nothing for you: and you are not beholding to me as you say. Howbeit I thank you for your good word;

And

And thereof I hold me fortunate and happy, for that the moſt worthy man of all men vouchſafeth to accompany ſo poor a Lady as I am. Lady (anſwered Hercules) I take not that to be attributed rightly to me, to ſay, that I am the moſt worthy of men: for there have been many better than I am. But certainly, the more ye ſpeak, the more ye bind me to you. And ſince you do me ſo great honour, I requeſt that I may be your Knight, and that ye take power over me, to command me to perform your will and pleaſure. Sir, ſaid Facus, will ye that it be ſo? Lady (anſwered Hercules) moſt willingly. I will not command you (ſaid Facus) but I will give you over me as much Seigniory and Lordſhip as it ſhall pleaſe you to take. Hercules with the ſame word, would fain have kiſſed the Lady, had it not been for the honour of her which he would keep. Thus they ended their conference for that time, and from that day forth Hercules intended to pleaſe the Lady more than he had done before: ſhortly he acquainted himſelf ſo with her, and ſhe with him, that they lay together ſecretly. And he begot on her a Son that was named Latine, who was afterward of great Government.

During theſe things, whilſt Hercules and Facus had this good opportunity in Laurentia, tydings came that the King *Fa*nus was coming. Facus, who began to take delight in the love of Hercules, was paſſing ſorry when ſhe heard theſe tydings; for ſhe had firmly fixed her heart on Hercules. Suddenly the tears blubbered her eyes. And weeping, ſhe came into a Chamber where Hercules was: then ſhe took him apart, and ſaid to him; Alas, my love, I ſhall dye for ſorrow. Lady (ſaid Hercules) wherefore? For ſo much (ſaid ſhe) as my Husband the King, Fanus cometh home: It is full four years ſince I heard of him, I had ſuppoſed he had been dead, but is not. His Harbingers are come before, and ſay, he will ſup here this night. Alas what evil adventure is this? We muſt not depart, and our communication fail. With theſe words, the Lady embraced Hercules, and fell in his arms in a ſwound. Hercules took her up, and comforted her the beſt he could, and ſaid unto her, that ſince ſhe was married, it was reaſon ſhe ſhould abide ſtill with her Husband. Whatſoever Hercules ſaid unto the Lady, he could not keep her from weeping, her love and her griefs were

great. In the end she went into her Chamber, and dryed her eyes, and brake off her dolorous weeping as much as she could, arraying and apparelling her in such wise, as if she had been very joyful at the coming of her Husband, who came soon after, and entred into the City with great Triumph.

Hercules and the Queen Facua went to meet the King Fanus. When the King Fanus saw Hercules, he did to him as much honour as he could do. Forasmuch as he was advised of the deeds of arms that he had done against the Gyants of Cremona, and against Cacus: and highly thanked him, forasmuch as he was come into the City. For conclusion, Hercules abode there four days after Fanus came home: and on the fifth day considered, he might no longer enjoy his Love, he did nothing there but lose his time, so he took his leave of King Fanus, and of the Queen Facua, and returned unto the Palace of King Evander, where he abode unto the time that his Temple was accomplished. About the consummation of this Temple, an Herauld of Calidonie, came to Hercules, and signified unto him, that King Pricus came against him, with a great puissance of men of Arms, to revenge the blood of Cacus his Cousin: and that he charged Hercules he had without cause most cruelly put to death a noble King. Moreover, that if he would maintain the contrary, on the morrow early he should find King Pricus in the same place where the blood of King Cacus was shed: and that by mortal Battel, puissance against puissance, he would prove it true that he said.

When Hercules had heard what King Pricus had signified unto him: he had his heart full of joy, and answered to the Herauld, the death he had made Cacus to dye, was a work of Justice: and that upon the quarrel, he would answer by Battel, King Pricus, at the hour and place that he had named. After this answer thus made, Hercules gave unto the Herauld his Gown that he ware upon him, and caused him to be Feasted, saying, That he had brought him tydings of great pleasure.

When the Herauld had had good chear, and well Feasted as Hercules commanded: he returned to King Pricus, and told him the answer of Hercules, and that he should have on the morrow the Battel. King Pricus thought to win all by the advantage of his multitude, (for he had in his Army above Thirty thousand men

men (and thanked his God for these tydings, came forward: and lodging him the same night, nigh unto the Mount Aventine, and on the River of Tyber, He made him ready to fight this battel: The like did Hercules: either of them minding what they had to do. Thus the night passed, and on the morrow, as soon as the day light appeared, King Pricus and Hercules began to sound their great Tabours, and with that sound, their men put them in arms, and made themselves ready, after trained in order of battel. And so they came on both parties, as well the one as the other, into the same place where the blood of King Cacus had been shed.

CHAP. XXI.

How Hercules fought King Pricus in battel: how he fled into the City, where Hercules alone slew him, and many others.

ABout five of the clock in the morning, Hercules and Pricus assembled at the battel: from as far as Pricus saw Hercules, he made a marvellous cry. With this cry the Calidonians began to run against Hercules and made so great a noise, that it seemed there was not people enow in all the world for them. But certainly, as small rain abated down a great wind, in like manner Hercules alone suppressed their ober boasting uproar.

For as soon as he saw his enemies come running against him about a quarter of a mile off, he departed from his main body, that was set in good order: and after he commanded his folk that they should not make hast, he began to run against the Calidonians swiftly: not like an Horse, but an Hart, that no man might overtake. The King Evander was all abashed, to see in Hercules so great nimbleness. Pricus and the Caledonians, when they saw him move from the Host, supposed it had been a Horse, or other Beast. In the end, when Hercules was come nigh them, within the space of a Bow-shot, they knew it was Hercules: whereupon they were so abashed at his coming: Pricus cryed to have set his men upon him. They shot Arrows, and they cast Darts and Spears upon Hercules, against all the parts of his body: nevertheless they could never pierce nor enter into the skin of the Lion, and he never rested, till he had accomplished

compliſhed his courſe, thruſting himſelf forwards among his enemies ſo mightily, that overthrowing all before him, like as a Tempeſt or Thunder, he went into the midſt of the Hoſt, where was the chief Banner of King Pricus.

Hercules ſtayed there, and began to lay on upon one ſide and the other, and dye his Sword with the blood of the Calidonians, His Sword was ſo heavy that no man might endure it, bruiſing all it reacht. It made the pleace red where Cacus dyed. Then was not the ſhame and death of Cacus revenged, but augmented upon the perſons of his friends, with an exceeding ſlaughter. The cry aroſe great about Hercules: he broke to pieces the Banners and Recognizances of the Calidonians, there was none ſo hardy but he drove him back: and none ſo reſolute but he fled from him. Then he made what ſpoil he would with his Enemies. Theſeus, Evander, and others, came unto the battel. At this conflict there was many a Spear, Halbert and Shield broken, and mnay a Knight ſlain. The Calidonians were in great number, and many were both ſtrong and mighty. The battel was ſharp and furious. King Pricus ſet foremoſt upon the Greeks, and fought moſt valiantly, and Hercules and Theſeus did worthily, and deſerving memory: they ran from rank to rank, and brake the ranks of their Enemies. They comforted and encouraged their men, and ſhewed them how they ſhould do. Their deeds were ſo great, that it is impoſſible to recount them, for in little time they put their enemies to deſpair. All the diſcomfiture was upon the Calidonians, for they could not withſtand the force of the Greeks. And when King Pricus ſaw that his people could no more fight, and that he loſt on all ſides, that Fortune was againſt him in all points, being weary with fighting, he withdrew him out of the preſs, and ſounding a retreat, the Calidonians fled after him.

When Hercules ſaw the Calidonians withdraw themſelves, he made his Greeks retreat: not for any need they had, but to give leave to their enemies to reſt them. Thus the battel ceaſed, Hercules ſuppoſing that the Calidonians would aſſemble on the morrow when they had reſted them: but they withdrew themſelves ſome here, ſome there. The day paſſed, the night came, then King Pricus aſſembled his Captains and ſhewed to them their loſs, and ſtrength and might of the Greeks, and

in

in eſpecial of Hercules. After he had ſaid to him, tha they could never conquer them, and that they could not do wiſer than withdraw them, and to return into their Country. The Calidonians, that feared Hercules more than death, or a Tempeſt, had great joy when they underſtood the will of King Pricus, and anſwered all with one accord, That they were ready to go forth on their way. With this anſwer they concluded to leave the Tents, Carts, and Armour, to go lightly, and more ſecretly. After this they took their way according to the concluſion, fair and ſoftly, without ſtir or noiſe, and did travel ſo this night, that on the morrow they were far from Hercules. After this, when Hercules eſpyed that they were fled, he with his men purſued after ſwiftly, howbeit they could not overtake them. For to ſpeed the matter, King Pricus returned into Calidonie; Hercules purſued him into his City, which was ſtrong with Walls, and beſieged him. During this ſiege there was never a Calidonian that durſt come out. Hercules oftentimes aſſaulted the City, but loſt his labour. At length when he ſaw he could not get nor win upon his enemies, he called his Greeks, and ſaid to them: That man that ventureth not, winneth nothing. We ſojourn here without doing any thing worthy of memory. Our Enemies will not come againſt us unleſs we fetch them, and thus we ſhall have no end: ſhortly we muſt win or loſe all. Wherefore I think it beſt that I diſguiſe me, and go unto the Gate, and let the Porters underſtand that I have an errand unto the King: and hereupon, if I may enter, I will go unto the King, and ſo deal if it be poſſible, that he ſhall never aſſault me after in battle. And if it happen that I may ſo do, as I have told you, I will that ye aſſail the City, as ſoon as I ſhall be within: that the Calidonians may have to do with you, as well as with me, leſt I have them all at once upon me.

When Theſeus and Evander underſtood well what Hercules would do, they anſwered they were ready to obey all his commandments, and would aſſault the City after his ſaying. Then Hercules arrayed himſelf like as he had been an Ambaſſadour, Theſeus and the Greeks made themſelves ready for the aſſault. When all was ready, Hercules departed, and came and knocked at the Gate of Calidonie: and the Porters looked out at a little Window, to ſee who knocked there, and ſeeing there was but one

man;

man in a long Gown, they opened the Gate for him, and asked him what he would have? Hercules answered, that he sought the King. What would you with him said one of the Porters? Hercules said, I would fain speak with his Majesty: and saying these words, the Porters saw that Hercules was Armed under his Gown: then in few words, they cryed upon him, and laid at him before and behind, saying he was a Traitor: and that he was come to espy the City. When Hercules saw himself set upon by the Porters, being where he would be, he had great joy which he covered, and made shew at the beginning, as if he would have fled away and escaped: he employed so little of his strength, that the Porters, brought him unto King Pricus, which sate in the Hall with his Daughters and his Princes, and presented him to them, saying: Sir, loe here is a Traitor, that is entred into your City, for to espy your power. We have taken him: He said that he would speak unto your Majesty, and he is armed under his Mantle as ye may see: It is an evil token for a man desiring to speak to a King, Armed privily or covertly.

When the King understood this accusation of the Porters, whilst they spake, he beheld Hercules, and he knew him: whereat he was sore affrighted, that he knew not what to say. Hercules then bestirred himself, and wrung himself, from the Porters, throwing them down upon the ground, that they never could relieve themselves. When the Calidonians in the Hall, saw him so evil intreat their Porters, they threatned Hercules unto death, and assailed him on all sides. His Gown was then rent off. In the bickering he received many a stroke, and always he defended himself, without displaying of his power and great strength, as he that waited for the tydings of the assault that was nigh. The affray was great in the Hall, and in the City on all parts, the Caledonians ran to the Pallace, to assail Hercules: King Pricus made him ready, and came with others unto this fray. Then was Hercules assailed fiercely, but this assault was dear to the King: for to his welcome Hercules came to the Tabernacle that stood upon four great Barrs of Iron; the one whereof he took, and beat down the Tabernacle. After, he lifted up his War, and smote King Pricus, so unmeasurably upon the top of his Helmet, that he beat him down to the Earth,

and

and ſmote him ſo ſore, that he fell down dead between his two Porters.

At this time, the Cry aroſe great among the Calidonians, not only there but in the City, alſo, (for he that kept the Watch ſounded to Arms, the Greeks aſſailing to climb the Walls) Calidonie was then troubled terribly, and the Calidonians knew not where to turn them, whether to Hercules, or the aſſault: All was full of armed men, as well in the Kings Pallace as on the walls. After Hercules had ſlain Pricus, he began to lay on ſoundly upon his Enemies, his ſtrokes were great, and at each ſtroke he ſlew two or three, that in ſhort ſpace he covered all the pavement of the Pallace with dead bodies of the Calidonians, lying one upon another, without any damage to himſelf. The Calidonians were of great courage, and were aſhamed that they could not overcome Hercules, who alone had injured them ſo much. They aſſailed him fiercely, and caſt upon him Darts and ſharp Javelins. With his arms he bore all, and did ſo much with his barr, that they could not reſiſt his ſtrength. The poor Calidonians came thither with great courage to revenge the death of their King. Hercules ſlew ſo many that he knew not where to ſet his foot, but upon their carkaſſes. Before the Gate of the Palace, was a great noiſe, and weeping, that Women and Children made. In the end, when the Calidonians perceived the ſtrength of Hercules, they ceaſed to aſſail him, and fled. Then Hercules iſſued out of the Palace, with his Barr all covered with blood. As ſoon as the Calidonians ſaw him, they aſſailed him again: caſting Stones and Darts upon him, and ſhot Arrows abundantly, as they that awaited his paſſage. In this aſſault, Hercules ſuffered much, yet he paſſed them that would have ſlain him, and reſted not until he came to the Gate.

Then the Calidonians ran after him, as men careleſs of their lives, and mightily enraged, began again to lay on Hercules. When he ſaw that, he turned his face upon them, and laid about with his Barr on every ſide, ſo luſtily, that he dyed his Barre with new blood: and maugre his enemies, he made them retire back more than forty paces: and obtained the Gate. Then the Calidonians purſued him again: but ere they came upon him he broke all the Locks and the wicket of the Gate: ſo that the

Greeks aſſailed them with all their power, and beat down the Draw-Bridge. After he called the Aſſailants, and they came unto him, and with little reſiſtance they entred the City, which was filled at that time with great ſlaughter of the Calidonians, who would not yield, nor put themſelves to mercy, until the time they ſaw their ſtreets and houſes full of dead bodies.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How Hercules was enamoured on Yoel, the Daughter of King Pricus, how he required her Love, and ſhe accorded.

IN this manner was King Pricus ſlain, and his City taken by Hercules. After the ſlaughter, when the Calidonians had humbled themſelves, Hercules and Theſeus went unto the Palace, and they came thither ſo ſoftly, that they found the Daughters of King Pricus, with their Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſeeking the King among the dead bodies. There were ſo many dead that they could not find nor know him they ſought. Hercules at his coming began to behold one another, but eſpecially among all others he caſt his eye upon Yoel the Daughter of the King: foraſmuch as ſhe was excellently glittring in beauty, that in all the world was none like unto her. When he had a little beheld her, by a ſecret commandment of love, he drew him unto her, thinking to comfort her. When the deſolate Gentlewoman ſaw Hercules approaching unto her, ſhe trembled for fear, and fled unto her Chamber, the Ladies and Gentlewomen followed her, and with them went Hercules. He entred into the Chamber where ſhe was, and ſate down by her. She thought to have riſen, to have gone out of the way, but he held her by her cloaths, and ſaid unto her: Lady, ye muſt not fly my company. Yoel ſpake then, and ſaid: O miſerable Tyrant, what ſeekeſt thou me now for to trouble me more? Thou haſt ſlain my Father, let that ſuffice thee. Madam (anſwered Hercules) if the King your Father be dead, it is reaſon: For he thinking to Revenge the death of the Tyrant Cacus, came not long ſince to aſſail me in Italy, ſaying that I had unjuſtly and without cauſe ſlain him. In maintaining the contrary, I fought with him upon his quarrel: the Battel was not ended, nor put to utterance at that time, for he withdrew himſelf with his people,

people, and came into this City. And I have purſued him haſtily.

And when he ſaw that I laid my ſiege about this City: he would not come to fight the battel during my Siege, wherefore this day I purpoſed to finiſh the War. Fortune hath been on my ſide, and hath put you in my power. Certainly, without remedy you muſt be my Lady and Love: for in ſeeing your ſingular beauty, love hath conſtrained me to be yours: Then I pray you as effectuouſly as I may, ceaſe your ſorrow, and receive me as your friend. The more ye weep, the leſs ye win: continual tears and ſorrow, nor laſting ſighs, can ever raiſe your Father.

With theſe words the fair Yoel was ſore oppreſſed with hot and contrary imaginations, that her heart failed her. It was a piteous thing to behold how her friend Hercules would have taken her up between his arms. But a wiſe Lady that had always governed her, came to him, and kneeling on her knees, ſaid: Sir, I conjure you in the name of God, that ye will ceaſe to ſpeak to this poor Damoſel, for ſhe hath this day loſt her Father. You may do with her your own pleaſure, if ye let her a little abide in her melancholly: all ſhall be well if it pleaſe God, as well for you as for her. At the requeſt of the Lady, Hercules was content to let her go, and he recommended Yoel to God, and went to Theſeus to paſs his time away with him: but to the end that Yoel ſhould not go away nor eſcape, he ordained twelve Greeks to keep her, and commanded upon pain of death, they ſhould ſuffer no Woman to iſſue out of the Chamber without examining whither ſhe went. In this night Hercules did cauſe the dead bodies to be had out of the Palace. And ordained that the body of King Priens ſhould be intombed. When thoſe things were accompliſhed, Hercules and Theſeus with their men of Arms made good chear, with ſuch as they found there: and Yoel at this time was ſore diſcomforted that it cannot be recounted. The Lady that had her in governance, ſought very much to comfort her. Then when Hercules had left her in the Chamber, as is ſaid, ſhe had many words with her, and among all other ſhe ſaid to her: My Daughter, you weep too much. Ha Madam (ſaid Yoel) how may I do leſs? When ſhall I have cauſe to weep, if I have it not now? My Father

is dead: I have lost him that most loved me of all the world. I can lose no greater thing. Ought not then my heart to be sorrowful? My Daughter (said the Lady) I know well that ye have as great occasion of sorrow as any woman can have: but since you must pass by this misfortune, what can your weeping profit you? There can nothing proceed of it but melancholiness, and impairing your praised beauty. Ye are now fallen into the hands of this Prince. This is a man worthy and Noble above all other, he loveth you: you ought to thank God, and to give him praise for this grace. This is to you good fortune, and a hap in your mishap. If you will be ruled by me, you shall take all this in good part. Better it is to suffer one evil than two. I think ye ought to consider your estate: And if ye consider it well, ye shall endeavour to forget it. Madam (said Yoel) Alas how can that be, that I should love, or have familiarity with him, that hath done unto me so much harm. He hath not only taken from me a Knight, and Uncle, nor a Cousin, but mine only proper Father, let none speak to me thereof. He is and shall be my mortal Enemy, as long as I and he shall live, he shall have no more of me, for prayer, promise nor menaces.

My Daughter (said the Lady) make not your self bond whereas you are free: the effects of love be subtil and suddain, Love is alway in his secret throne, that can do no other thing, but humble the hard hearted, and bow the strongest. So hard a heart is not among the humane Creatures, but that it is soon humbled and made meek, when it is his pleasure. There is no Tower so high, but it may be overthrown by subtil undermining: Nor no night so dark, but it is overcome by the day. Ye hate Hercules now, but after ye have a while kept company with him, peradventure you will love him better than ever your loved your Father: or any of your kindred. And that I know by experience: for I hated my Husband at first exceedingly, but shortly after when we began to be acquainted together, I loved him so, that if he had not been with me day and night, I thought I should have dyed for sorrow. My Daughter, such are the chances of Love, that oftentimes after great hate cometh great love. The glory of Hercules is so clear, that your heart ought to be delighted therewith: the Conquest that he hath made in this City, shall be for you a singular preparation

to

to all good. Would you attain unto a greater height of honour than to be a Lady of him who is the subduer of Kings: and the most valiant in arms; for to him is nothing impossible, having conquered the most part of the world. O my Daughter rejoyce in your Fortune: shut not the door to prosperity that cometh to you: it is to be believed, the desolation of this City was appointed by God, in favour of you that are the Paragon: and none like unto you of all the Daughters of the Kings, to give you in Marriage unto this man.

With these words the fair Yoel had her stomach surprized with sundry imaginations. She rose up from that part, and went into her Guard-robe, where was the representation of the Goddess Diana. When she came thither she kneeled down in great humility, before the Image: abounding in sighs and weeping, said: Goddess of Virgins, what shall thy Hand-maid do? O lighten my hope, behold mine affliction, and weigh my mishap, send thine eyes into the secret of mine heart, and see the sorrow I suffer, and in the favour of Virgins, preserve me from the hand of him that would have me for his Wife, since he hath caused in me a mortal hate, which is not possible to be rooted out as Nature judgeth in me: (for it is impossible I should love mine enemy) I am therefore perswaded, that the hate that I have against this Tyrant Hercules, shall abide for ever.

In these Prayers and Lamentations Yoel abode, until the dead time of the night, cursing Hercules: saying, that she had rather dye than love him. Thus disdaining the love of Hercules, without meat or drink she passed that whole night. The day following Hercules returned unto her: and anew prayed her, that she would be his Wife: saying, That without delay she must needs yield thereunto. She was sore grieved at his request, and excused her self in many fashions, that were too tedious to rehearse at this time. But yet at the end of the requests of Hercules, Love inspired in such wise this fair Gentlewoman that she yielded unto his request. Thus Yoel accompanied with Hercules as his Wife, and they lay together, and grew acquainted each with other. Love then rooted in their hearts, so that their two wills were locked into one. Hercules forgot Dejanira, and Yoel forgot the death of her Father, and was so enamoured on Hercules, that she could rest in no place without him.

him. O wonderfull! the rancour and hate that Yoel had yester-day, is now turned into love infallible. To speed this matter, Hercules and Yoel thus loving together, at her request he gave her Sister in Marriage to certain Knights of the Greeks, and left them there to govern the Country, and the Realm of Caledonie. After he departed from thence, and brought his Oxen and his Kine with him, and sent again the King Evander into his Dominion, thanking him for his company, and the honour he had done him.

Evander would gladly have accompanied Hercules into Greece: But Hercules would on no terms suffer him. At last Evander (with great thanks to Hercules and his Army) departed: and Hercules with his Army went unto the Sea, and forgot not behind him the fairest Yoel, for he loved her dearly. All day he was with her, and she pleased him as well as she could, fearing more to lose his love, than she was sorry for the death of her Father. As they thus sailed on the main Sea, maintaining to their power their amorous life, Hercules encountred on a day nigh by an Haven and a good City, a Merchants Galley. He made the Galley to tarry, and after called the Master, and asked him of what Country he was, and from whence he came? Sir (answered the Master of the Galley) I departed late from the Port of Thrace, that is here by: I see you are a stranger, and that ye know not the peril you are in, wherefore I have pity of you, and of your company: and do advertise you, that at the next Haven you shall find, ye tarry not there, for any thing that may befal you: for as truly as you are here, if you go thither, you shall take harm enough: there is a King, the most cruel Tyrant in all the world named Diomedes, that maintaineth under him ten thousand Thieves, and he maketh war against all that he finds, and hath a custome that he putteth men to pay Ransoms; such as it pleaseth him: and if they that he putteth to such misery, pay their Ransoms, he letteth them go quietly, and with that money and substance he nourisheth his Thieves, and his Horses. If they cannot furnish themselves with their Ransom, he himself smiteth them to morsel, and giveth their bodies to his horses, to eat and devour. But there is one good thing for you, this morning he is gone to the chase, to hunt about the forest which is some four miles from Thrace;

and

and with him an hundred of the strongest Thiebes he hath. This I know for a certain, for I saw them depart not passing three hours since.

CHAP. XXIX.

How Hercules fought against Diomedes in the Forest of Thrace: and how he made his horses eat him.

HErcules hearing these words the Master of the Galley had said unto him, in rehearsing the life of Diomedes, was passing joyful in his heart more than he had been since the death of the Thief Cacus. He had in him that valour, that where he might know a Monster or Tyrant, or any men molesting the Weal; thither he went, and such Tyrants he destroyed: to the end that men should not say, he did for gain, he would never retain to his proper use any of their goods, but all he conquered in that manner he gave to Noble-men, and sought nothing but vertue. He would not enlarge his Signiory, nor take to himself any advantage.

He was content with what Nature gave him. And always he would labour for the publick good. O most vertuous Pagan, there was none like him neither before nor after. For to go forward with my matter, when the Master had advertised him that Diomedes was gone on hunting into the Forest, with his hundred Thiebes, he inquired so much that the Master shewed him the situation of the Forest, and by what manner he might sooner come thither. After this, he gave leave to the Master to go his way. That done, he called his Mariners and made them seek the place. Then he bid his Greeks tarry there, and told them he would go to the Forest, and seek Diomedes: saying, he would never return into Greece, till he had delivered the world of this Tyrant. Yoel began to weep, when she heard his enterprize, and weeping prayed him, he would leave the hazard of so great peril. Hercules took no regard nor heed to her prayers. He delivered to Philotes his Bow, and his Club, and entred into a little Galley finely made and light. Which he guided by the help of Philotes, very nigh the place where he would be: and took land two bow shots from the Forest, and in setting foot on land he heard the cry and noise of the hunting, and said he was well, and where he would be. He took then his Club and left his bow with Philotes. After he entred the Forest,

reſt, and had not far ranged when he found Diomedes and his hundred Thieves. Diomedes was the firſt that from far eſpied Hercules, and knew that he was a ſtranger, and calling to him, ſaid: Gyant, what is it that thou ſeekeſt in this Forreſt? Hercules anſwered, What art thou? Diomedes ſaid, I am the King of Thrace: thou art entred into my Dominion without my leave, it diſpleaſeth me, and thou muſt be my Priſoner, wherefore yield thee unto me. Hercules ſaid: King, ſince thou art Diomedes, the King of Thrace, thou art undoubtedly the Tyrant that I ſeek. And therefore I am not purpoſed to yield me, without ſmiting, eſpecially to any evil Thief. Know thou, that I will defend me with this Club, with which I have been accuſtomed to deſtroy Monſters, and am in hope this day, to make thy Horſes eat and devour thy body, like as thou haſt taught and uſed them to eat thy Priſoners.

When Diomedes heard the anſwer of Hercules, he took a great Axe, that one of his Thieves bare after him, and he lifted it up, threatning Hercules unto the death, and diſcharged ſo hard, that if Hercules had not turned the ſtroke with his Club, he had been in great peril. Diomedes was of the ſtature of Hercules, and had abundance of ſtrength and puiſſance. When Hercules had received the ſtroke, he lifted up his Club and failed not to ſmite Diomedes, for he gave him ſuch a ſtroke upon the ſtomach, that he turned him upſide down, from his Horſe, and laid him all aſtonied in the Field. Then his hundred Thieves beſtirred them, and aſſailed Hercules on all ſides. Some of them there were that recovered Diomedes, and ſet him on his Horſe, the other ſhot at Hercules: ſome brake their Swords on him. All this impaired nothing of the Arms of Hercules. His Halbert and his Helmet were of fine ſteel, forged and tempered hard. He ſtood there among them like a Mountain. When he had ſuſtained the firſt aſſault of the Thieves, to ſhew to them with whom they fought, he ſet upon them, and ſmote down on all ſides with ſuch valour, that ſuddenly he made the pieces of them fly into the Wood, and ſmote them down from off their Horſes. Diomedes was at that time riſen up and with great fury came unto the reſcue of his Thieves, whom Hercules uſed as he would. Whiles that ſome of them aſſailed him before, he came behind, and ſmote him with his Axe upon his Helm, the ſtroke

was

was ſo great that the fire ſprang out. Diomedes had well thought to have murthered Hercules: yet Hercules moved not for the ſtroke, but a little bowed his head. After this, then he lifted up his Club and ſmote among the Thieves: and maugre them all, in leſs than an hour, he had ſo laboured his Iron about their backs, that of the hundred he ſlew ſixty, and the other he battered, and put to flight with Diomedes. But Hercules running more ſwiftly than an Horſe, amongſt all others he purſued Diomedes ſo nigh, that he caught him by the legg, and pulled him down from his horſe, and threw him againſt a Tree unto the earth. After he took him about the body, and by main force, he bare him unto the place where the battel had been. There he unarmed him with little reſiſtance: For that *Diomedes* was then bruiſed, and could not help himſelf; when he had gotten him thus at his will, he bound him faſt by the feet and hands. After this, he aſſembled together twenty Horſes of the Thieves that run diſperſed in the Wood, and came to Diomedes, and ſaid unto him: O thou moſt curſed enemy that haſt employed all thy time in Tyranny, and didſt never one good deed, but all thy days haſt lived in multiplying of ſins and vices, and haſt troubled the people by thy thefts, and haſt nouriſhed thy Horſes with mans fleſh, and by this cruelty ſuppoſedſt to have made me to dye: Surely I will do Juſtice upon thee, and will do to thy evil perſon, like as thou wouldeſt have done to mine. Then Hercules laid the Tyrant in the middeſt of the Horſes which had great hunger, and they devoured him, for they loved mans fleſh. And thus when Hercules had put the Tyrant to death, he took his Arms in ſign of victory, and returned to Philotes.

Philotes had great joy when he ſaw Hercules return, he enquired of him how he had done. And Hercules would neither hide nor conceal any thing from him. What ſhall I ſay? with great joy and gladneſs they returned back again unto the Greeks, and did cauſe to diſanchor their ſhips, and ſailed for the Port or Haven of Thrace. Then did Hercules make known in Thrace, the death of Diomedes. Whereat was a great uproar. Notwithſtanding, Hercules gave to Philotes the arms of Diomedes, and ſent him into the City, to ſummon them that governed it, to yield it into his hands. Philotes went into the

Palace of Thrace, and made to be assembled them that were the Principals in the City. When they were assembled, Philotes laid open to them his message, and summoned the Thracians that they should deliver their City into the hands of Hercules: Saying, that Hercules was he that had put to death the King Diomedes, for his evil living and for the love of the common weal: and that the City could do no better but to receive him at his coming, (for he would not Pillage it) but would only bring it to good government. When he had done this Summons, that they should believe him, he shewed them the Arms of Diomedes.

When the Thracians saw those Arms of Diomedes, some of the Complices of Diomedes, and Thieves were full of great rage, and would have taken the Arms from Philotes. The other that were wise and notable men, and that many years had desired the end of their King (seeing his Arms) knew assuredly that Diomedes was dead, full of joy answered to Philotes: Forasmuch as Hercules was a King of great renown and wisdom, and hath done a work of great merit, in the death of Diomedes, they would receive him into their City.

Without long discourses, the Thracians went unto the Gate and opened it. Philotes returned then unto Hercules, and told him these tydings. Hercules and the Greeks went out of their Galleys, and entred into Thrace. The Thracians brought them unto the Palace where were yet many Thieves. Hercules put all the Thieves to death not in the same night, but during the space of ten days, that he sojourned there.

He set the City in order, and delivered it from the evil Thieves: He made Judges by election, at the pleasure of the people. And when he had finished all these things, he departed from Thrace with great thanks, as well of the old as of the young. He mounted on the Sea, after by succession of time, he came unto his Realm of Lycia, into his Palace, where he was received with great joy of the Inhabitants there, and also of the Neighbours. There he abode with the fair Yoel, whom he loved above all temporal goods.

CHAP. XXX.

How Dejanira sorrowed for the love of Hercules to Yoel.

Theseus

THeſeus after the return of Hercules; ſeeing he would abide there, and there was no mention, in all the world of any Monſter or Tyrant, took leave of his fellow Hercules, Yoel, Philoctes, and others, and went to Athens, and Thebes. Likewiſe the Greeks took leave, and every man returned into his Country, repeating in all the places where they went, the great adventures, and the glorious works of Hercules. When his renown ran as ſwiftly as the wind, ſo that it came unto Iconie, whereas Dejanira ſojourned, and it was ſaid to Dejanira, that Hercules was returned from Spain, with great triumph, and come into Lycia. Dejanira for his Renown was glad, and raviſhed with joy, and concluded to go unto him, yet was abaſhed for that he had not ſignified to her his coming, and that he had not ſent for her, doubting that ſhe ſhould be out of grace, with Hercules. She made ready her company, and in noble eſtate, departed from Iconie, on a day to go into Lycia. She tarryed there, to attire her in the beſt wiſe ſhe could, called her Eſquire named Lycas, and commanded him that he ſhould go into Lycia, and ſignifie unto Hercules of her coming. At the commandment of Dejanira, Lycas went unto the City, and it happened at the Gate he met a man of his old acquaintance, a Squire of Hercules, Lycas, and the Squire ſaluted each other, friendly. After Lycas, asked the Squire, and demanded of him, where the King was: and if he were in his Palace? Yea verily (ſaid the Squire) he is there, I know well, and paſſeth his time with his Lady Yoel: the moſt beautifull, and moſt reſplendent Lady that is in all this world. Each man praiſeth her a thouſand times more than Dejanira. Hercules hath her in ſo much grace, that continually they are together. And whatſoever the Lady doth, it is acceptable unto Hercules: there is no man that can tell the great love they have together.

Lycas hearing theſe tydings of the Squire, took leave of him, and made ſemblance to have left behind him ſome of his precious Gems and Jewels: for he was of opinion himſelf, that it would be good to give advertiſement of his eſtate. Penſive and ſimply he came back again to Dejanira, where ſhe was attiring her ſelf preciouſly, and ſaid unto her; Madam, what do you here? Wherefore? (anſwered Dejanira.) Why, (ſaid Dejanira?) what tydings? Lycas anſwered: Hard tydings. I

have heard tell of Hercules, things full of such hardness, that truly it is very grievous for me to tell you. Howbeit since you are come thus far, you must needs understand them: I tell you for a certain, that your Lord Hercules is in his Palace very joyful: and that he hath in his company a Lady, whom he loveth above all things for her great beauty, so exceeding, that each man marvelleth, saying: She is the most Soveraign in beauty that ever was seen by man.

Advise your self well, what ye do, ere you go any further: this day is needful you abide, and take counsel.

At the hearing of these tydings, Dejanira was passing angry, and bespread with a great sorrow in all her veins, she began to quake and tremble. Her fair hair that was finely dressed on her head, she tore with her hands, in so furious manner, that she disattyred her, and smote with her fist so great a stroke upon her breast, that she fell down backward in a swound. The Ladies and Gentlewomen that accompanied her, shrieked and cryed dolorously, and were sore moved. At length Dejanira came to her self again pale and wan, she spake, with a feeble and low voice. Poor Dejanira, what shalt thou do? Whither shalt thou go? Thou that findest thy self forsaken of thy Lord Hercules? Alas, alas, is it possible that the new coming of a Lady, may take away my Husband? The heart late joyned to Dejanira, shall she make the separation? I hope verily it may not: For Hercules is noble of heart, and loveth vertue: if he abandon me, he acts against vertue and nobleness. I have affiance in him that he will be true to me. Madam (said Lycas) you fail nothing to say that Hercules is Noble and full of Virtue: for he hath employed all his time in virtuous things, howbeit he is a man, and hath taken love in this new Woman for her beauty: know well, that Fortune entertaineth not long Princes and Princesses, on the top above her wheel: there is none so high, but she maketh them sometime lie beneath among them that suffer trouble. Behold, what ye have to do. If ye go unto Hercules, and he receive you not as he hath been accustomed, then shall you have cause of despair. Men say that he loveth soveraignly this new Lady: It is apparent then, that he shall set but little by your coming: and if you go, the Lady will be evil content: she hath renown, and every man is glad to do her plea-

sure.

sure. There shall be no man so hardy to welcom you for the love of her. Go not thither then, the peril is too great: I counsel you for the better, that you return into Iconie, and that ye bear this thing patiently, attending and abiding until the fire and the fume of this Lady be quenched: for Hercules is another manner of man than most men be: and will leave the love of this Lady by little and little.

Dejanira believed that Lycas counselled her truly, and sore weeping she returned into Iconie. When she was in the house at Iconie, she denyed her self all worldly pleasure, living solitarily, without going to Feasts or Plays. Abiding in this solitude, her grievous annoy grew more and more, by so great vexations, that she was constrained to make infinite bewailings. The continual company of her Ladies could give to her no solace. The innumerable speeches that they used unto her ear, could never take away Hercules out of her mind. She lived this life many days, having alway her ears open to know if Hercules sent for her. In the end when she had waited long, and saw that neither man nor woman was coming to bring her tydings from the person of Hercules, she wrote a Letter which she delivered to Lycas, to bear unto Hercules, and charged him to deliver it to no person, but to him she sent it to. Lycas took the Letter, and went into Lycie, two miles from the City he met Hercules in a cross way. Hercules came from Arcadie, where he had newly slain a wild Boar, so great, that there was never none seen like him. When Lycas saw Hercules, he made him reverence, and presented his Letter to him, saluting him from Dejanira. Hercules waxed red, and changed colour, when he heard speak of Dejanira. But he receiving the Letter amiably read it, and found therein as followeth.

Hercules, My Lord, the man of the world that I most desire, I humbly beseech and earnestly intreat you, that you have regard to your true servant, and Lover Dejanira. Alas Hercules, alas; Where is become the love of the time past? Ye have now sojourned many days in Lycia, and you have let me have no knowledge thereof. Truly it is to me a very dolorous grief: for I desire not to be deified nor to mount into the celestial Mansions, with the Sun, the Moon, nor Stars; but without feigning or breaking of a free heart, I desire your so-

lemn,

lemn communication. I can from henceforth no more feign. It is said to me, that you have another Wife. Alas, Hercules, have I made any fault against your worth? wherefore do you abandon me? how can you do so? Men name you virtuous You forsake me: that is against virtue. Though now ye do it, I have seen the time that you were my husband, embracing together, and kissing, you shewed semblance of good liking and joy. Now let you her alone that you loved as a poor cast-away. Alas where are the witnesses of our Marriage? where be the eternal vows and oaths which we made one to another, Men are deaf and blind, but God doth hear and see, wherefore I pray you, consider and hold your good name more dear, than you do the love of your new acquainted Gossip, that maketh you to err against virtue, whereof you have so great a renown; and I pray you heartily write to me your pleasure.

When Hercules had read from the beginning to the end, the Letter of Dejanira as he yet looked upon it, Yoel came unto him, with three hundred Gentlewomen to be merry with Hercules; Hercules then closed the Letter, and returned into Lycia, holding Yoel by the hand: howbeit, when he was in his Palace he forgot not Dejanira, but found means to go into his Study, and there wrote a Letter; when it was finished, he gave it to Lycas, to present it to Dejanira. Lycas took the Letter and returned home to Dejanira. First, he told her tydings and of the state of Yoel. After he delivered to her the Letter, containing that he commended him unto her, and that he had no other Wife but her: and he prayed her that she would not give her self to think any evil, but to live in hope and patience, as a Wife and noble Lady ought and is bound to do, for her honour and credit. This Letter little or nought comforted Dejanira, she was so vehemently attainted with jealousie; her sorrow redoubled. In this sorrow she wrote yet another Letter, which she sent to Hercules, that contained these words:

Hercules, Alas what avail'eth it me to be the Wife of so Noble a Husband as you are? your nobleness is to me more hurtful than profitable. O fortune, I was wont to rejoyce, for every day I heard no other things but commendations of your prowesses; and glorious deeds, wherewith the world was illuminated. Now must I be angry and take displeasure in your works,

works, that are foul and full of vices. All Greece murmureth at you, and the people ſay, That you were wont to be vanquiſher of all things; and now you are vanquiſhed by the fooliſh love of Yoel. Alas Hercules, ſhall I be ſeparated from you? and be holden the waiting drudge of the Catiffe Yoel. She is your Catiffe, for you have ſlain her Father, and have taken her in the prize of Calidonia, now ſhe hath the place of your lawful wife. Alas, now ſhall I be no more eſteemed, it is not alway happy to mount to high eſtate. For from as much as I have mounted in height, and was your fellow, from ſo far I feel my ſelf fall into the more great peril. O Hercules, if for my beauty you took me for your Wife, I may well curſe that beauty: for that is cauſe of the grievous ſhame, that is to me evident, to prognoſticate mine harm, and ill to come. I cannot count them but for enemies, ſince by them, all ſorrows come unto me. The Ladies have joy in the preheminence of their husbands, but I have ill fortune and miſhap. I ſee nothing but diſpleaſure in my Marriage. O Hercules, I think all day on you, that ye go in great perils of Arms, and fierce Beaſts, Tempeſts of Sea, and the falſe perils of the world. Mine heart trembleth, and hath great fear of you, of whom I ought to have comfort. I remember and think on you in the day, and dream on you in the night: me thinketh verily, that I ſee the cutting of ſharp ſwords enter into me, and the heads of the Spears: and that I ſee iſſue out of the Caves of the Foreſts and Deſarts, Lyons, and wild Monſters, that eat my fleſh. Since the beginning of our alliance unto this day, I have had day and night ſuch pains for you, and born them. But alas, all theſe things are but little in compariſon of the pains that I now ſuffer, foraſmuch as you maintain ſtrange women, and a woman of folly. May ſhe be called the mother of your Children by whom the ſparkles of foul renown ſhall abide with you. With this vice is my pain redoubled, and pierceth my ſoul. I am troubled with the diſhonour. They ſay, that ye are become like a woman and live after the guiſe and manner of a Woman, and ſpin on the Rock, you that were wont to ſtrangle Lyons with your hands, you leave the exerciſe of Arms, and to be known in far Countries and Realms, in ſhewing your vertue, like as you were wont to do, for the only company

pany of the Caitiffe Poel that abuſeth you. O curſed compa-ny. Speak to me Hercules, of the high and mighty men that thou haſt vanquiſhed, as Diomedes of Thrace, Antheon of Lybia, Buſire of Egypt, Gerion of Spain, and Cacus the great Thief, if they were alive and ſaw thee thus held? Surely they would not repute them worthy to be vanquiſhed by thee, and would point at thee with their fingers, as at a man living in the lap of a woman. O how ſtrong is Poel when her hands that are not worthy to thread a Needle, have taken thy Club, and brandiſhed thy Sword wherewith thou haſt put in fear all the earth? Alas Hercules, have you not in remembrance, your Childhood, lying in your Cradle you ſlew the two Serpents, you being a Child were a man, and now when you have been a man, are you become a woman, or a Child? This is the work of a woman, to hold himſelf always with a woman: or it is the deed of a Child, to enamour himſelf on a woman of folly. The truth is, you begin better than you end: your laſt deeds anſwer not the firſt, your labours ſhall never be worthy praiſings. For all the commendation is in the end. Whoſoever he be that beginneth a work, whereof the beginning is fair, and the end is foul, all is loſt: ſurely Hercules, when I behold the glorious beginning that vertue made in you, and ſee that now you are vicious, all my ſtrength faileth, mine arms fall down as a woman in a trance, without ſpirit, and it may not ſeem to me true, that thoſe arms (that bare away by force the ſheep from the Garden belonging to the Daughters of Atlas) may fall into ſo great a fault, as to embrace fleſhly another wife than his own. Notwithſtanding I am aſſured of a truth that you hold not Poel as a Catiff, but as your own wife: not in priſon, but at her pleaſure, in a Chamber finely bedecked, and in bed Curtained and hanged: not diſguiſed and ſecretly, as many hold their Concubines: but openly and with ſhameleſs face, ſhewing her ſelf very glorious to the people, as if ye might do ſo lawfully. For ſhe holdeth you Priſoner and Catiffe, and ſhe hath put the fetters about your neck, by her Italian Juglings and ſhifts, whereof I have great ſhame in my ſelf. But as for the amendment, I will diſcharge my mind, I cannot better it, but pray to God that he will procure a Remedy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

How Dejanira ſent to Hercules a ſhirt envenomed, and how Hercules burned himſelf in the fire of his ſacrifice, and how Dejanira ſlew her ſelf, when ſhe knew that Hercules was dead by means of her ignorance.

WHen Hercules had read this Letter, he underſtood what it contained, and was ſmitten with remorſe of conſcience. Underſtanding that virtue was ſtained in him: he was very penſive, and much deprived from all pleaſure, that none durſt come to him in a great while, ſave only that they brought to him meat and drink. Yoel durſt not go to him, Lycas that brought this Letter, was there waiting long for an anſwer. No man could know whereof proceeded the penſiveneſs of Hercules, nor the cauſe why he withdrew himſelf: in the end, when Hercules had been long penſive, and had thought upon all his affairs, how to withdraw himſelf from Yoel, he departed from his Chamber on a day, ſaying that he would go and ſacrifice to Apollo, upon the mount named Oëta, and commanded upon pain of death no man ſhould follow him, except Philotes. By adventure, as he iſſued out of his Palace, accompanied only with Philotes, to go upon the Mount, he met Lycas. Lycas made him reverence, and demanded of him if it pleaſed him any thing to ſend unto Dejanira. Hercules anſwered to Lycas, that he would go to make his ſacrifice to Apollo, and at his return again. he would go, or elſe would ſend unto her.

With theſe words Hercules and Philotes paſſed forth, on their Pilgrimage. And Lycas returned unto Dejanira, and told to her the joyful tydings that he had received of Hercules; alſo what life Hercules led ſince the day and hour he had preſented to him her Letter. Dejanira comforted with theſe good tydings, went unto her Chamber, and thanked God and Fortune. After ſhe began to think on their eſtate, and thus thinking ſhe remembred her of the poyſon that Neſſus had given her, being at the point of death, ſhe had kept it in one of her Coffers: and forthwith incontinently ſhe opened the Coffer, and took the curſed poyſon and one of the ſhirts of Hercules: as ſhe that imagined by the virtue of the poyſon to draw again to her the Love of Hercules, like as Neſſus had ſaid unto her, ſhe made the ſhirt to be boyled with the poyſon, and gave the charge thereof to one

of her women. When the shirt was boyled enough, the woman took the vessel, and set it to cool. After she took out the shirt openly and wrung it, but so soon as she had wrung it, the fire sprang in her hands so vehemently, that she cast it upon a perch to dry, and fell down dead.

In process of time, Dejanira desired to have the shirt, and seeing the woman that had charge thereof, brought it not, went into the Chamber where the shirt had been boyled, and found the woman dead, whereof she had great marvel. Nevertheless she passed the death lightly, and one of her Damosels she made take the shirt that hanged on the Perch and was dry, commanding her that she should fold it, and wind it in a Hankerchief.

At the commandment of Dejanira the Damosel folded the shirt. But so doing, she was served with the poyson in such wise that she lost her speech, and dyed soon after. Notwithstanding Dejanira that thought nothing, but to come to her intention, took the shirt and delivered it to Lycas, charged him to carry it to Hercules. Lycas that was ready to accomplish the will of his Mistress, took the charge of the shirt, and departing from them, went into the Mountain whereas Hercules was; and there found him in the Forest where was the Temple of Diana; Hercules had no man with him but Philotes, who made ready for him a great fire, to sacrifice an Hart, that Hercules had taken, running at a course. Lycas, then finding Hercules in the Temple, kneeled low down to him, and said: Sir, here is a shirt that your servant Dejanira sendeth to you. She recommendeth her humbly unto your grace, and prayeth you that you will receive this Present in good part, as from your Wife. Hercules was joyous of these words, and presently uncloathed him, to put on this cursed Shirt, saying, That verily she was his Wife, and that he would for her sake wear the shirt. In doing on this shirt, he felt a very great dolour and pain in his body. Notwithstanding he put on his other cloaths above, as he that did think no evil. When he was cloathed, and the shirt warm, his pain and sorrow grew more and more. Then he began to think, and knew presently, that his malady came of the Shirt, and feeling the pricking of the venome, without long tarrying, he took of his robes, and supposed to have taken off his shirt from his back, and to have rent it. But he was not strong enough to

do so, for the shirt held so sore, and cleaved so fast to his flesh, by the vigour and strength of the sharp poyson, that he tare out the flesh and took away certain pieces thereof when he would have taken off his shirt.

Hercules knew then, that he was wounded to death. Death began to fight against him, he began to resist by drawing off his shirt from his body with pieces of his flesh and blood, but all could not avail. He rent and tare his back, thighs, and body, unto his entrals and guts, his arms, his shoulders unto the bones, and still his dolour and pain increased more and more. As he returned, in pain, he beheld Lycas and another fellow that he brought with him, he went to them, and said unto Lycas; Thou cursed and unhappy man: what thing hath moved thee to come hither under the false friendship of Dejanira, to bring me into the change of this misfortune: What thinkest thou hast done? Thou hast served me with a shirt intoxicated with mortal venome. Who hath introduced thee to this? Thou must needs receive thy desert. And saying these words, Hercules caught by the head poor Lycas, that knew not what to say, and threw him against a Rock so fiercely, that he burst his bones, and slew him; the fellow of Lycas fled, and hid him in a bush; Philotes was so affrighted, that he knew not what to do. At the hour that Hercules was in this case, much people came into the Temple. The entrals of Hercules were troubled. His blood boyled in all his Veins, the poyson pierced unto his heart, his sinews shrunk and withdrew them.

When he felt himself in this extream misery, that death hasted his end by terrible pain, as he that could not take away the force of the venome. Striving began to run over hill and over Valley, up and down the Forrest, and pulled up the great Trees, and overthrew them. Then he began to rent off his shirt, with the flesh that was sodden and boyled. When he had long led this life, he returned unto the Temple, full assured of death, and lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, said; Alas, alas, must Fortune now laugh at me, for this miserable destiny, coming from the mad Jealousie, and Sorcery of that Woman, which in all the world I repute most wise and vertuous? O Dejanira, unnatural woman, without wit, shame and honour, with an heart of a Tyrant, besotted with jealousie: How

hast thou been able to contrive against me this fury, and treason envenomed? If Kings or Princes acquaint themselves with Ladies or Gentlewomen, for the encrease of mankind, they will never have credit with their proper Wives. O Dejanira, what hast thou done? The Women present, they that are in the wombs of their Mothers, shall spit at thee in thy face, and curse thee without end, for the reproach that thou turnest upon them.

Alas, Dejanira: What shall Calcedonie now do, that gloried in thy glory, and set thee in the front of their honour, as a Carbuncle, for the decking of their precious things? Now thy glory shall be shame: for by impiety and divers Engines, by secret cruelty thou hast conspired my death, and hast broached this incurable misfortune for thee and me, and for our Friends and Kinsmen.

Oh Dejanira, thy malice as an unhappy and most cursed Serpent, hath wrought this malicious and reproachfull Murther. Thy false Jealousie hath more power to terminate my life, than all the Monsters of the world. By thine offence, and by thy mischievous slight where from I could not keep me, I must dye, and pass out of this world. Since it is so, I thank Fortune, and ask of God no vengeance against thee: but surely to the end it be not said, that the vanquisher of men be not vanquished by a woman, I will not pass the bitter passage of death by thy mortal Sorceries full of abomination: but by the fire, that is neat and clear, and the most excellent of Elements.

These dolorous and sorrowful plaints accomplished, Hercules took his Club, and cast it in the fire that was made ready to make his Sacrifice. After he gave Philotes his Bow and Arrows, and then prayed him, that he would recommend him to Yoel, and to his dearest friends. Then seeking his life had no longer time to sojourn, he took leave of Philotes: and all burnt and sodden, he laid him down in the fire, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and there consummated the course of his glorious life. When Philotes saw the end of his Master Hercules, he burnt his body to ashes, and kept those ashes, with intention to bear them to the Temple, that the King Evander had caused to be made. After he departed from thence, and returned into Lycia, greatly discomforted: and with a great fountain of tears, recounted to Yoel, and to his friends, the pitifull death of Hercules. No man could recount the sorrow that Yoel

made,

made, and they of Lycas, as well the Students as rural people. All the world fell in tears and sighs, bewailing his untimely death. So much abounded Yoel in tears, that her tender heart was drowned: and forthwith her soul departed from her body, through the excess of sorrow: Then each one cursed, & spake ill of Dejanira.

Finally, Dejanira being advertised by the fellow of Lycas, of the mischief that was come by the shirt, she fell [illegible] despair, and made great lamentations, and said: What have I done? Alas, what have I done? The most notable man of men, shining among the Clerks, he that traversed the strange Coasts of the Earth and Hell: He that bodily conversed among men, was familiar with the Sun, Moon and stars, is dead by my cause, and without my knowledge. He died by my fault: for I have sent unto him the shirt, that hath been the instrument of his death. It was not my fault: for I knew nothing of the poyson, Oh mortal poyson. By me he is depryved of life, whom I loved as I did mine own. He that was the Fountain of science: by whom the Athenians sharpned their wits and judgements: he that made the Monsters of the Sea to tremble in their Abisms, destroyed the Monsters of Hell: confounded the Monsters of the earth, Tyrants he corrected, insolent and proud! The humble and meek he enhaunsed and exalted: He that made no treasure but of Virtue: subdued all the Nations of the world, conquering them with his Club: and if he had pleased or been ambitious, might have attained to be King of the East, West, North and South of the Seas and Mountains. Of all these he might have named himself, Lord, by good right, if he had pleased. Alas, alas I was born in an unlucky hour? When so high and mighty Prince is dead by my simpleness: He was the Glory of men. There was never none like him, nor ever shall be. Ought I to live after him? No, for among the Ladies I shall be pointed at with the finger, and fall into strangers hands to be punished: forasmuch as I have deserved shame and blame by his death, I will commit a revenge upon my self. And with that she took a knife, saying: I feel my self willing and ready to die, and know that I am innocent of the death of my Lord Hercules; so with the point of the knife she ended her desperate life. Whereat Philotes was abashed: and so were all they of Greece that long wept, and bewailed Hercules his death.

death. And they of Athens bewailed him exceedingly: some for his Science, and others for his Virtues, whereof I will now cease speaking: Beseeching her that is the cause of this Translation out of French into this simple and rude English, that is to wit, by redoubted Lady Margaret by the Grace of God Dutchess of Burgoine and of Brabant; Sister to my Soveraign Lord the King of England and France, &c. To receive my rude labour acceptable, and in good part.

Thus endeth the second Book of Collection of the Histories of Troy. Which Books were translated into French out of Latin by the labour of the Venerable person Raoulle Feure Priest, as afore is said; and by me unfit and unworthy, translated into this rude English, by the commandment of my redoubted Lady, Dutchess of Burgoine. And forasmuch as I suppose the said two Books have not been had before this time in our English language: therefore I had the better will to accomplish this said work, that was begun in Bruges, and continued in Gaunt, and finished in Colen in the time of the great divisions as well in the Realms of England and France, as in all other places universally, through the world, that is to say: in the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred seventy and one.

And as for the third Book, which treateth of the general and last Destruction of Troy: It needeth not to be Translated into English, forasmuch as the worshipful and Religious man, John Lidgate Monk of Bury, did translate it lately: after whose work I fear to take upon me (that am not worthy to bear his Pen and Ink-horn after him) to meddle at all in that work. But yet, forasmuch as I am bound to obey and please my Ladies good Grace: also his work being in Verse: and as far as I know, it is not had in prose in our tongue: and also peradventure he translated it after some other Author than this is: and forasmuch as divers men be of sundry desires: Some to read in Rime and Meeter, and some in prose: and also because that I have now good leisure being in Colen, having no other thing to do at this time: to eschew Idleness, Mother of all Vices, I have deliberated in my self, for the contemplation of the said redoubted Lady, to take this Labour in hand, by the sufferance, and help of Almighty God, whom I meekly beseech to give me the grace to accomplish it to the pleasure of her that is the cause thereof: and that she receive it in the humble devotion of me her faithful, true, and most humble Servant,

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FINIS